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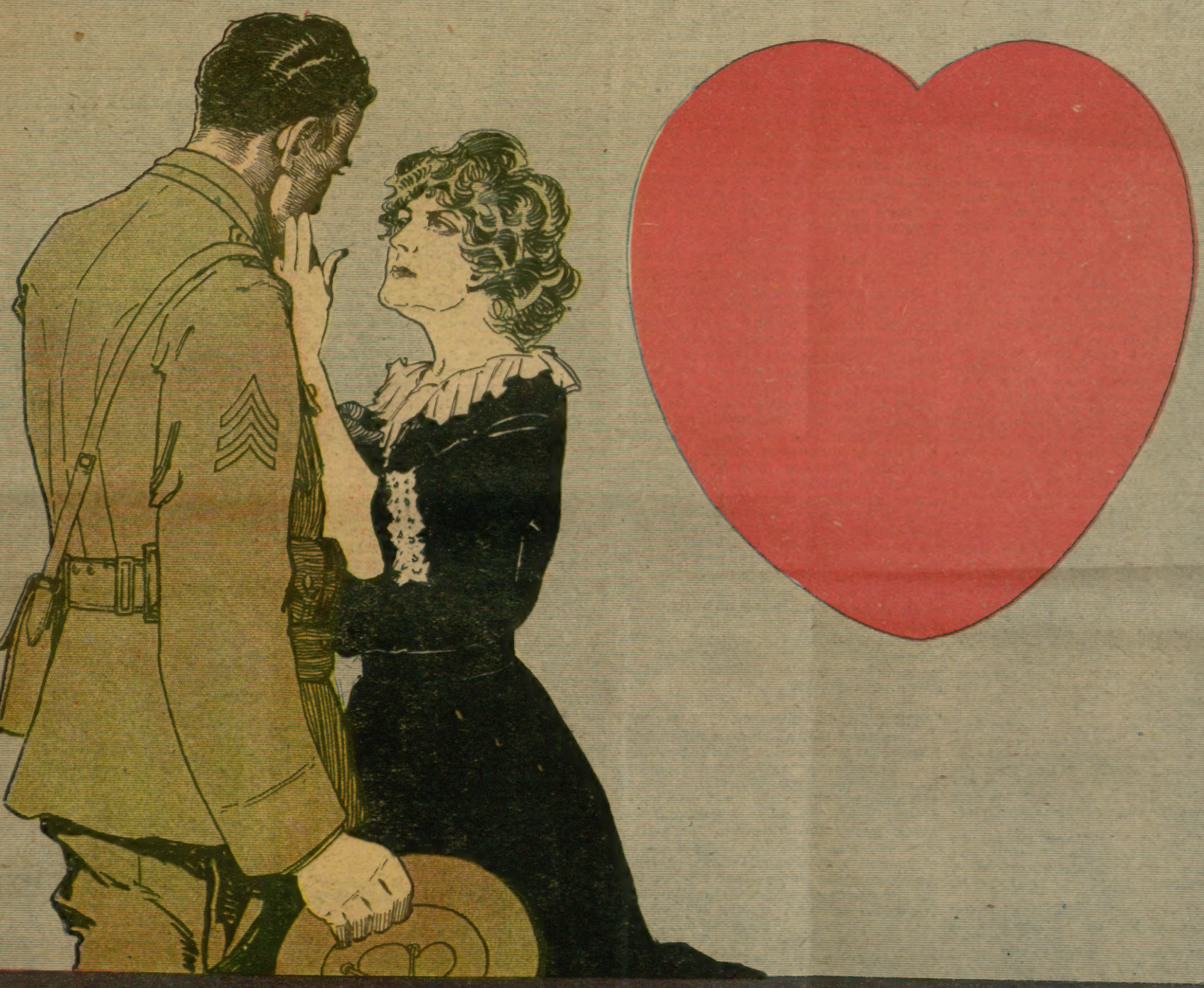


HIS NEXT of KIN

BY WILLIAM BRATTEN

THE HIDDEN ENEMY AND ITS DESTRUCTION

FIRST PART IN THIS NUMBER

Poor Reginald.

"I CAN'T understand," remarked the slightly florid woman on the beach as she turned toward her neighbor, "how so many women can trust their babies to paid attendants. In my opinion, it is love that should be the incentive in the care of a child. Don't go too near the water, Reggie darling; that's mother's good boy. Those parents who delegate the care of their children to others don't realize what precious pearls of sweet companionship they are casting aside. Don't you think so?

"Reggie, dearest, didn't you hear me when I said not to go too near the water? Play in that nice dry sand, sonny boy.

"It should be a mother's pleasure, as well as her privilege, to direct her child's play and build up his ideals constructively from the moment that he is able to cling to her guiding hand. I have thought very deeply on child culture. I —Reggie, Reginald, come farther back from the water or you'll get the spray on that nice linen suit mother bought you specially for use here. See if you can find some shells, lover-heart, that's mother's good boy!

"Even at a sacrifice to myself I bring my little son to the shore every year," continued the florid woman. "I think it's so wholesome for him to be where he can play in nature's wilds, without any of the artificial restrictions to which he is subject in the fashionable part of the city where we live.

"Now, Reggie, you're getting too near the water again. Mother will be very much displeased if you get those handsome sandals wet. You know, darling, water spoils leather.

"No, you cannot take them off. Most certainly not! I don't wish my little boy to be so rough and uncouth as those great tomboyish girls over there who are wading. I don't see what their mother can be thinking about to let them go barefoot like farm children!

"I really fear I shall have to go to some other resort next year. This place is losing its exclusiveness, don't you think so? I'm so anxious that Reginald shall begin early in life to form proper associations, and I really feel that I should not risk bringing him to a place where any but the very best people come.

"Reggie, don't you go near those girls! They're too rough, lover-heart. Mother wants you to play like a little gentleman. Why don't you hunt for shells as I told you to?

"I don't think we can begin too soon or be too careful about choosing polite playmates for our little ones. I try to impress on Reginald that it's much better for him to play alone than to mingle with ordinary children whose parents don't know how to train them.

"Now, Reggie, where did you get that pail and spade, I'd like to know?

"Oh, from those girls? Well, I suppose there's no harm in your playing with them a little while. Now, don't dig in the wet sand, dear.

"It's so delightful to see a child like my little Reginald who has sufficient resources within himself to be able to play alone contentedly. I feel that the young mind develops so much faster when it's allowed to think out its own amusements unassisted by other children.

"Now, Reggie, I told you not to go near those children again. I won't have you playing with such dirty youngsters. Why don't you build a sand house, darling?

"Well, if you can't build it with dry sand, do something else. Dig a nice, big cave.

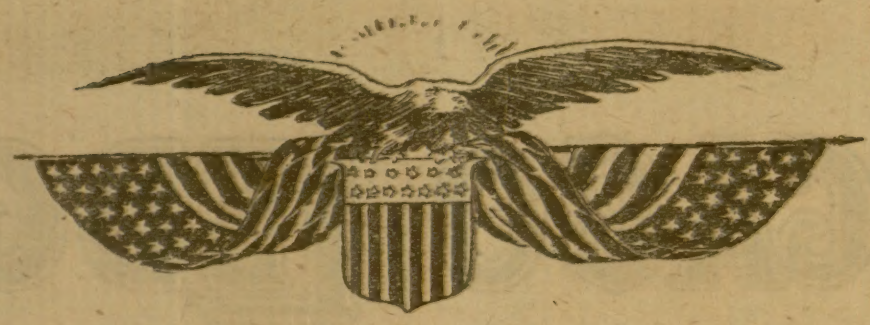
"Well, if you don't want to dig, what do you want to do?

"No, you cannot play with those girls. You know very well, Reginald, that when mother says a thing she means it. Pick up some shells, lover-heart. See if you can fill the pail with shells. That's my little man!

"I find it so much wiser to be absolutely firm with Reginald. I have no patience with shilly-shallying parents. I suppose I am rather severe about not letting him play with those girls. But, you see, I don't know who they are, and from all appearances they're not being brought up very carefully. I dare say their mother is playing bridge right now or——

"Re—Reginald Featherstone Brown, come here at once! What do you mean by going over to those barefoot girls? And you've let the waves dash all over you, too. All the starch is out of your beautiful suit and your sandals are wet. What a shame! Now, just throw down that old pail and spade, and if you go near those naughty tomboy girls again I'll punish you, Reginald. Yes, I surely will. What would your father say if he knew how you act? I wonder what this lady thinks of a boy like you?

"Oh, are those your little girls, really? I see now that they do resemble you. How original of you to dress the sweet little things so simply! Now that I know they're your children I shall not object to Reggie's keeping the spade and shovel they so kindly lent him."



The Editor Has His Say Here

WITH the gradual disappearance of the wild and woolly West of our fathers' day story writers have turned to Mexico—revolution-torn and bandit-ridden—as the scene of their exciting plots. The Ledger in the past has carried a number of stories laid in Mexico and all of them proved so popular that the editor felt no hesitancy in buying another which he believes one of the best action stories offered Ledger readers in many weeks. Had the American troops under Pershing remained in Mexico and had the United States not been drawn into the whirlpool of the great world war, it is safe to say that popular interest in the United States even now would be centered in Mexico. The great events across the water have so far overshadowed happenings in Mexico, however, that few of us remember that conditions down there are much as they were when the United States took a hand in 1915.

RIVAL bands of bandits still are carrying on their depredations and the romance and glamor of Mexico still exists. E. W. Bateman, who has written for the Ledger in the past, lives in Texas, near the Mexican border. He knows conditions down there intimately and he knows the Mexican character. From the countless incidents and stories which he has gathered during the years he has been in close touch with affairs on the border, he has weaved together a splendid three-part serial involving an Aztec Princess, Marion Burke, an American rancher; rival bandits and other interesting characters. The Princess is known as "Rose of the Desert" and she keeps in hot water continually because of her charm and beauty. Perhaps it was these things, perhaps only his desire to protect his holdings from the claws of the robber chieftans, and again it may have been only the stirrings of a longing for adventure which beats in the heart of every red-blooded man—but Burke takes a hand in doings around him and enmeshes himself in adventures galore.

THE editor is quite sure that you will welcome this story as a relief from European war angles which predominate in almost everything we are given to read these days. There is a vein of romance running thru the story which makes it all the more interesting and gives Burke the incentive for getting into the affairs of the bandits deeper than one would expect from a sane American who knows that mixing into them is not calculated to make life either longer or sweeter. "Rose of the Desert" will begin in the Ledger next week and, in keeping with the policy of giving you as much of a story as possible each week, will be concluded in three installments.

IF YOU did not read the first part of "The Deserter," which began in the Ledger last week, we hope that you will go back and start the story now. It is one of the most absorbing tales of the year and up to the minute in its setting. The same is true of the new serial which begins this week, under the title, "His Next of Kin." Among the short stories published this week we want to call your attention to two—"A Slacker's Fate After the War" and "You Never Can Tell." They are not the same kind of stories, the first being a glimpse into the future and, altho it is carefully concealed, it has a splendid lesson for the young man of fighting age who has so far managed to evade service in the Army or Navy. If there is a slacker in your neighborhood you could not set him right better than to mark this story and send him a copy. "You Never Can Tell" is a humorous yarn about the inner workings of a large office. Most people think that office work in the deadliest of routine, but oftentimes an office produces adventures which would make those of many people in the far corners of the earth seem tame in comparison. Such a story is "You Never Can Tell." Its ending is wholly unexpected, and you will get one of the biggest laughs of your days when you have read this story.

HOWEVER, these two are not the only good stories which you may read complete in this issue. "Pa's Non-Society Son-in-Law," on page 11, is a splendid illustration of how sometimes the best laid plans of scheming mothers go astray, if the girl has a mind of her own. On page 13 you will find an unusual story. It is called "The Dead Hand," and it is a tale of safe-blowers who did not scruple to kill when they deemed it necessary to carry out their robbery. One of the laws of nature, however, stepped in to upset their carefully carried out plan and the hand of a dead man brought down upon them the long arm of the law. They say that the power of love is all-compelling, and there have been many true instances during this war. In "The Man Who Forgot," on page 22, you will find a charming love story based upon this saying. The effects of shell shock received on the battlefield are terrible and far-reaching, and in this story you will learn of some of them. They threaten to mar the happiness of a young couple, but it all turns out well in the end.

ALTOGETHER, we believe that this is one of the most interesting numbers of the Ledger we have offered you in many weeks, and we believe that our promise to give you an extra lot of fiction this summer is in part redeemed by this issue. Three generous installments of serial stories and ten short stories, dealing with all phases of life and human interest, is a mighty big nickle's worth.

WE HOPE that you housewives are not overlooking the kitchen department, conducted by Mary Fuller West. Many of the recipes contained in the department have the approval of the United States Food Administration as complying with its rules. The others have been selected with the same idea in mind. All of them are patriotic in that they do not permit of waste or expensive outlay and all of them have been tested.

The Editor.

He Misunderstood.

HE WAS a very small boy. Paddy was his dog, and Paddy was nearer to his heart than anything on earth. When Paddy met swift and hideous death on the turnpike road his mother trembled to break the news. But it had to be, and when he came home from school she told him simply:

"Paddy has been run over and killed."

He took it very quietly; finished his dinner with appetite and spirits unimpaired. All day it was the same. But five minutes after he had gone up to bed there echoed thru the house a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and sympathy.

"Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But dear, I told you that at dinner, and you didn't seem to trouble at all."

"No; but—but I didn't know you said Paddy. I—I thought you said daddy!"

She Was Experienced.

THE head of the household wore a worried, dark look when he beheld the numerous bills that confronted him.

"Your extravagance is becoming unbearable," he growled. "When I die you'll probably have to beg."

"Well, I should be better off than some poor women who never had any practice," replied his wife.

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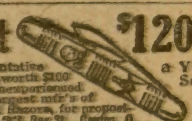

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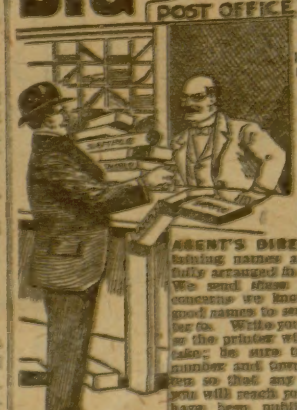

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Beginning a Three-part Story of How One Family Backed Up Its Soldier

"How Dare You Say Such Things in My House?" Shouted Jaynes, Springing From His Chair.

HIS NEXT OF KIN

By William Bratten

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CHAPTER I.
BIG NEWS.

"IT'S come at last!"

Dick Howe, hastening to where his invalid mother sat by the window of her room, and kissing her affectionately, joyfully shot the words at her.

Looking at the strong, manly chap, the sole support of the little family consisting of the invalid mother and a sister, Judith, the face of Mrs. Howe, to whom the old-fashioned name of Nancy was in perfect keeping, lighted happily as she stroked the hair of the son she loved so dearly.

"Then they've made you assistant manager?" she asked, eagerly, voicing the hope that had been strong in the hearts of both mother and daughter.

"Better than that!" returned Dick.

"You don't mean they've really made you manager?" hazarded the frail woman, scarcely daring to utter the words.

"Better——" began Dick, only to be interrupted by Judith.

"Don't be a grump, Dick!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "You know for a long time mother has been praying and thinking of nothing else but that your old concern would recognize your ability and make you manager, or something. I really believe she thinks you are such a wonder in your work that old Horace Harley ought to resign as president of the Cast Steel Company and appoint you as his successor. So, if he has——"

"Now, Judith, you should be ashamed to talk in that way," protested Mrs. Howe.

"All right, mother mine, but I think it's mean in that smart jackanapes to tease us so," returned the girl. "If he has something so fine, why doesn't he tell us about——"

"Which is just what I will do, if you can stop that express train tongue of yours long enough to let me get in a word," interposed Dick.

"It's stopped—but hurry," Judith replied, tho she could not refrain from sticking the offending tongue out at her brother, in a grimace. "What's the big news?"

In the eyes of both the mother, who idolized her son not only for his own sake, but from the fact that he was almost the living image of the man she had adored and married, and of the high-spirited girl who was fond of her brother to the point of worship, there shone the light of happy expectancy.

Realizing from the looks leveled upon him, as he never had before, what was in the hearts of the two women, Dick wet his lips, nervously.

"A little louder, please," exclaimed Judith, mockingly putting her hand to her ear.

For a moment there was tense, expectant silence, then Dick announced:

"I've been drafted!"

At the words, so different from those they had waited—and longed—to hear, mother and daughter glanced at one another. And as he interpreted the expression that shone in their eyes, Dick hurriedly added:

"It's the finest thing that can happen to any man! Nothing could be greater than to fight the devils who have murdered and outraged women like you—and to help in making the world safe for decent people to live in!"

"You are right, Dickie boy," said his mother, again stroking his hair affectionately. "I am so glad—and so proud. But it was a little different from what I had expected to hear—tho, as your father's son, I have hoped you would want and be able to go." And drawing the eager, manly face down to her own between hands that trembled, she kissed him tenderly, then asked: "When do you go?"

"The local draft board has kindly granted me what time will be necessary to make arrangements for you and Judith—that is, time within reason."

"Then you can start tomorrow," declared Judith. "I will take care of mother. Oh, Dickie boy, I'm so delighted!" And she threw her arms about her brother's neck. "It is fine! It's so much better than being manager or anything the old Cast Steel Company could give you. Hooray! I've got a brother now, in the greatest Army in the world, who will soon be doing his share to put a stop to those killers of women and babies. Hooray! I'm going out to tell the girls and all the rest of the people round here. Oh, Dick, I'm so proud!" And, planting a resounding smack full upon the lips of her brother, the girl released him from her embrace and rushed from the room.

CHAPTER II.
"MOTHER OF MEN."

LEFT alone, mother and son looked deep into one another's eyes, as tho they were reading each other's souls and what each read there was, apparently, eminently satisfactory to the other.

"And now draw up the footstool, Dickie boy, and tell me, all about it," said his mother after several minutes.

Relieved, at the reception of his announcement by the two persons he loved most on earth from the fear, which he never had expressed even to himself, that duty to his mother and sister might have demanded that he claim exemption from the service of his country and of humanity because of their dependence upon him, Dick quickly brought the foot-stool and, placing it beside his mother's chair, sat down and rested his head against her knee.

"Where shall I begin?" he asked, "and what do you want to know?"

"Begin at the beginning; I mean, when you first wanted to go and——"

"Mother, I've wanted to go from the day the first newspaper reports were printed of the outrages those unspeakable Germans were perpetrating upon the women and children of Belgium," impetuously, but gravely, Dick interrupted.

"If it hadn't been for you and Judith I should have enlisted in the Canadian forces long ago. With my mechanical training and ability—and we both know I have it, and so do the Cast Steel people and a lot of other concerns, so it is just simply bragging for me to mention it—I could have been, and can be, of service to the cause.

"But first there was you, and I wanted Judith to finish her course at High School. Fortunately, she has graduated this spring. Being the daughter of you and father, she will, at least, be able to support herself.

"So that leaves only you, mother mine, for me to provide for. I have been able

to make you a few small investments, which will bring you in about sixty dollars a month. Then you have the Liberty Bonds, and you will have the allotment from my pay, as well as the governmental allowance. So, altogether, you will have a trifle more than one hundred dollars a month for yourself. I——"

"But what are your investments, son, and when did you make them, and how? You must have denied yourself, for you have been turning over your salary to me."

"When war was declared between our country and Germany, it pretty nearly broke my heart not to volunteer. But my first duty was, of course, under the circumstances, to you. So I set to work planning how I could get enough money to leave you comfortable while I was serving my country.

"Things seemed pretty hopeless for a while, and when I thought I should be obliged to give up the idea, I had the chance to make an investment—the man who offered it to me said he was willing to take my note for the money—and I took the chance. And the investment has turned out the right way. From time to time I have been on the point of telling you about how things stood, but I wanted Judith to finish school. And this morning, as I left home for the office, I met the postman. He had my notice from the draft board, instructing me to be ready to go with my quota three days from today.

"There is no need for me to tell you how happy it made me. When I reached the office I went in to see Mr. Harley. He 'went up in the air,' said he supposed I had claimed exemption, and offered me all sorts of inducements to ask the board to reclassify me on the grounds of dependents so I could remain. Promised to make me assistant general manager right away at $5,000 a year and, when I refused that, said he would create a second vice presidency and put me in it at $7,500 a year.

"Of course, I refused, gave him the resignation I had written and left him storming and fuming. The last words I heard him say were: 'Well, if you won't listen to reason, your mother will. I'll go to see her.'"

"He can save himself the trouble," declared Mrs. Howe, her cheeks flushing. "But go on."

"There isn't much more. I went round to the draft board and said that while I expected to be ready to go with the quota, I wanted to be sure that things would be all right with you and the board said I could have two extra days, which makes five from today."

"You won't need the extra days, Dickie boy," murmured Mrs. Howe. And leaning over, she kissed his head and then said: "I'm so glad you are going, my son. Many a time Judith and I have talked over the prospect, knowing that you were registered, and we both wondered what would be your attitude when the time came for you to file your questionnaire. When you did not claim exemption we were very, very happy, for we knew we would get along somehow while you were gone.

"If you had claimed exemption because of us, we should have continued to feel our love for you—but not the kind of love we now feel when we know that you have not disappointed us, or proved wanting in patriotism and the desire to do your part, however humble it may be, in making the world safe to live in, especially for women and children, when the time came for what they call, I believe, 'the acid test' to be applied.

"If you had tried to hide behind the skirts of your mother or sister, Dickie boy, it would have killed me. Thank God, and your father, who is in Heaven, will also thank God, that our son is every inch a man. Why, Dickie boy, I would go out, weak as I am, and scrub floors on my hands and knees rather than have you say you could not fight for your country because you had to support me or Judith."

"And to think I was afraid you might not want me to go," whispered Dick, as he crushed his mother in his strong, young arms.

CHAPTER III.

FOR LOVE OF MONEY.

WHILE these confidences were being exchanged between mother and son, Judith was putting into effect the announcement she had made when she left them that she would spread the news of Dick's call to the Army. And she was carrying out her promise with the enthusiasm and impetuosity that marked all the actions of this strenuous young woman when her heart was in her task, a characteristic which had caused her to be nicknamed "Skyrocket" among her school chums.

Bursting in upon her closest friend, Marie Gordon, just as the family was sitting down to dinner, Judith exclaimed, her pretty face flushed with excitement:

"Dick's going to war! He's been drafted! He leaves with his quota day after tomorrow. Isn't that perfectly wonderful?"

But instead of the outburst of acclaim with which the girl had expected her announcement would be greeted there was a silence that soon became painful, altho Marie's face lighted with joy.

Hurt and surprised, Judith looked from her chum to Mr. and Mrs. Jaynes, for Marie's mother had married again after the death of the girl's father.

"What's the matter with you all?" she finally blurted. "Aren't you glad that my brother is a real man?"

"I should think him more of a man if he continued to do his duty by remaining here to support his mother," returned Mr. Jaynes, with a severity and frigidity of tone that was like a douche of ice water to Judith. "It is extremely selfish of Dick. But it is no more than I have been expecting. I have thought all along that he had claimed exemption. But he's like a lot of young fellows. Thru the draft, he now has a way to dodge his responsibility to her without bringing upon himself the odium that would attach to his deserting her in normal peace times. It will, I am sure, be a bitter blow to your mother to become a public charge. I had hoped for better things from Dick. I——"

The shock of such an interpretation of her brother's act had at first dumbfounded the young girl. Collecting her wits, quickly, however, she strode to Mr. Jaynes' chair.

"Stop!" she commanded. "Stop before you say another word! You have no right to think, much less say, such a thing about my brother! He is one of the finest men that ever lived! He would no more think of deserting his mother than he would of killing her. As for mother's becoming a public charge, you needn't worry yourself about that. You won't be called upon to support her. Why——"

"Then perhaps you, in your superior knowledge of the world, I believe you have just graduated from high school, will tell me how your mother, who is an invalid, is going to live when she no longer has the miserable little salary Dick earned to depend on?" sneered Mr. Jaynes.

The brutality of the words, and their utter unfairness, brought hot, angry tears to Judith's eyes.

"I'll tell you this," she retorted, in a voice that trembled in spite of herself, "that our family does not live on the money of a man who is notorious as the robber of widows and orphans thru worthless oil stocks, Dick——"

"How dare you say such things in my house?" shouted Jaynes, springing from his chair as the intrepid girl smiled thru her tears. "Leave this house immediately," he continued, "and never darken its doors again."

"You may rest assured that I will not," returned Judith. Then, turning her back upon the man she had so flouted, the girl held out her hand to her chum, saying: "Good-by, Marie. I am sorry, for your sake. I have never known before what a cross you and your mother have had to bear."

Marie took the extended hand, but instead of simply shaking it, she used it as a lever to help rise from her chair, which she pushed back, at the same time turning to Mr. Jaynes:

"I feel that this is the time, sir, for me to do what I have been contemplating for a long while. You are only my stepfather and life under the same roof with you, after what you have just said about a boy who is as dear to me as a brother, and about his mother, no longer is endurable. At the same time that Judith passes from your door, I do. Come on, Skyrocket." And she put her arm affectionately about the shoulders of her chum and started to leave the dining-room. "And remember, Judith," she added in a tone sufficiently loud for her stepfather and mother to hear: "I have money of my own and if you, or Mother Nancy ever need any of it, you can have the very last penny. Come up to my room while I pack and then let's go and tell the rest of the crowd about Dick." As the two girls left the dining-room, Mrs. Jaynes burst into tears.

"Stop it! Stop it, Henrietta!" roared her husband. "Am I to be flouted by two young whippersnappers in my own house?" And he fairly shook in his anger.

But Mrs. Jaynes, for probably the first time in her married life, did not obey the command of her husband, and continued to weep.

"Are you really going to let Marie leave us in this manner?" finally inquired the sobbing woman.

"Why not? I'll teach her who is master in this house—just as I have taught you," retorted Jaynes. "Starvation will quickly break her spirit and bring her crawling back to me for forgiveness."

"But she has the money her father left her so she will not starve," returned Mrs. Jaynes, in whose eyes there beamed a sudden resolve, as she wiped the tears away.

"I'll see to it that the money is fixed so that she can't draw any of it," snapped the head of the Jaynes household. "She is not of age and you will remember I was made her legal guardian after we were married."

"You are not mine, however," retorted Mrs. Jaynes. "I believe that I will join Marie. I have borne your insolence and cruelty for fifteen years. I think I am entitled to a rest." And, pushing back her chair, Mrs. Jaynes arose from the table and left the dining-room.

Had she looked back, she would have seen a grin upon the face of her husband and could have heard him chuckle to himself: "It was easier than I dared hope. Judith's coming was a big piece of luck. And now for business."

CHAPTER IV.

CONFIDENCES.

MARIE and Judith were busily dismantling the former's room and packing various school trophies and articles of clothing and the toilet when Mrs. Jaynes entered.

"It's no use for you to say anything, mater," declared Marie, misinterpreting the purpose of her mother's coming. "Nothing on earth would make me change my mind after what that beast downstairs has just said. What I can't understand is how you could put up with such a person for so many years. I can't stand him any longer. So please don't try to dissuade me from my purpose. You'll only delay me—and every moment I am obliged to remain longer under the same roof with that creature is loathsome."

"But I'm not intending to dissuade you, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jaynes.

At the words, the two girls ceased their packing and looked at the woman before them, their eyes and mouths open in amazement.

"I simply came to tell you that I, too, have decided to leave this house. I was——"

A moment Marie stared at her mother, as tho unable to believe the words she had heard, then, reading their truth in the eyes that looked steadily into hers, albeit they were dimmed by tears, the young girl bounded across the room and threw her arms about her mother.

"You poor dear!" she murmured, as she hugged her. "I've been selfish not to realize that life with that man must have been even more unendurable for you than it was for me. Forgive me, mater, will you?"

"There's nothing to forgive," returned Mrs. Jaynes, tho her face lighted with a look that told of her happiness at the weaving of a closer bond between herself and her daughter. "And now go on with your packing. It is you who are causing the delay, now. As I was going to say when you interrupted me, I simply came in to tell you that I was going to have my own things packed and taken to the Madison Hotel. I shall expect you to live with me there, for the present, at least."

"But why go to an hotel?" inquired Judith, now thoroly recovered from the amazement the announcement of Mrs. Jaynes had caused her. "Why not come to live with mother and me? There will be plenty of room, now that Dick is going, and——" but the girl stopped abruptly, turning back to the packing of one of her chum's bags to hide her confusion.

"You mean that the money for our board and lodging would help you and your mother by replacing in part the amount you have been receiving from Dick?" suggested Mrs. Jaynes, her woman's intuition readily divining the problem that already was absorbing the young girl's thoughts.

"How could you guess?" asked Judith, her question confirming the correctness of the surmise.

"When the support of a house is taken suddenly away, that house will fall unless other supports are put under it," returned the older woman, with a smile.

"You and I can be two pretty fair supports, mater," declared Marie, seizing her mother's hands and stretching them out. "What do you say, shall we try?"

"Later, perhaps," returned Mrs. Jaynes, then, noting the look of disappointment that gleamed not only in the eyes of her daughter but of Judith, she hastily added: "For the present, I do not think it best. You see, there will be certain formalities to be arranged with—er—Mr. Jaynes. We shall be able to be more independent at the Madison. You see, I have not known that man all these years not to realize only too well that he will do everything in his power to make it unpleasant for us—and if we were as close to our old residence as the Howes, he would be able to devil us very easily. When our affairs have been satisfactorily arranged, however, then I should like nothing better than to be under the same roof with Mother Nancy and Judith."

"All right, mater. You surely must know that brute better than I do. So I'll defer to your judgment," returned Marie. "And now let's get to packing again. But you don't mind if I stay with Judith until Dick goes, do you?"

"Certainly not, providing you won't be intruding. You know it is a solemn time when the only man in the family goes away to war."

"It's a time to be celebrated, not to be turned into mourning," declared Judith. "I'm going to have a house full of young people every minute of the time till Dick goes—even if I have to tie them to keep them." And then going to Mrs. Jaynes and putting her hands on the elder woman's shoulders, she said, in a voice tense with emotion: "Mrs. Jaynes, both mother and I are so happy about it that we can hardly contain ourselves. It has been wrong for us to think it—but we've been afraid that Dick wouldn't go."

"I could have told you better than that," exclaimed Marie, blushing furiously as she realized the significance of her words, at which Mrs. Jaynes and Judith exchanged meaning glances, then, womanlike, they all kissed one another.

"But this will never do," laughed the elder woman, finally. "I must go to my——"

"I say," came the voice of Mr. Jaynes from downstairs, "you women haven't changed your minds, have you? I thought you were going to leave this house. I wish you'd hurry."

The banging of two doors was his answer.

"I'll not take another thing from this house!" snapped Marie, giving expression to her feelings by the viciousness with which she closed her bags and strapped them. "We'll get the mater and all go over to your house. As soon as we've sent her off to the Madison in a taxi we'll go round and line up the rest of the bunch for a house party till Dick goes."

"I don't know about going round to any of our other friends," demurred Judith.

"Why not? Aren't you the one who proposed celebrating?"

"Yes—but if it's going to have the same effect upon all our friends to tell them that Dick is going to war that it has had upon your family, I—I think I'd rather be excused."

"Nonsense. An angel from heaven couldn't have done more for this family than you have this very evening, Judith Howe. You've freed two women from a man who is worse than a Hun—if there can be any such thing. So cheer up! I wonder if Dick will be at home?"

"Well, if he is, there is one thing you might just as well understand now as any time, Marie, you are not going to monopolize all his time. But your mother must be ready by this time, so let's go."

To their delight, the girls found that Mrs. Jaynes was waiting for them and, without more ado, they left the house, while from the shadows of the stairway the mocking laugh of the head of the house reached their ears as they opened the front door.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRANGE WARNING.

THE tone of exultant gloating that rang in Jaynes' voice as he so lightly saw his wife and her daughter pass from beneath his roof brought angry tears to the eyes of the elder woman.

As she gained the sidewalk at the front of the steps Mrs. Jaynes turned and faced the door.

"You may laugh now, Malcolm Jaynes," she said in a tone so strange that both girls looked at her to be sure it was she who was speaking, "but you are mistaken if you think this is the end. I know several things of which you think I am ignorant—and mark my word, I shall know more!"

"Bully for you, mater!" exclaimed Marie. "I didn't know you had it in you. I only wish that ogre could have heard you say that."

"I fancy he did," declared Judith. "Look, he's behind the curtains by that open French window. I just saw them move."

Judith's information had an effect upon Mrs. Jaynes that was as startling as her words had been to the girls.

Instantly her composure and confidence vanished and she trembled like a leaf as she asked in a quavering voice:

"Do you really think he heard me?"

"No," hastily assured Marie, with a significant glance at her chum. "Skyrocket is always imagining things. It was probably the wind blowing the curtain."

"Yes, I fancy that is what it was," agreed Judith, taking her cue from Marie. "But this is no place to stand arguing more possibilities. Let's go to our house. It will soon be too late to catch the bunch before they go out for the evening."

And seizing one of Mrs. Jaynes' arms, she hurried her along the sidewalk.

As the trio, with the bags, entered Mrs. Howe's room, both she and Dick looked at them in amazement.

Feeling themselves the objects of the looks of wonder, for the first time the full realization of the step they had taken seemed to come to Mrs. Jaynes and Marie, and both stood, speechless and staring dazedly.

Sensing their embarrassment, Judith quickly exclaimed:

"Mother, Mrs. Jaynes and Marie are going to make us a visit. At least Marie is. Mrs. Jaynes thinks she had better go to the Madison for a while. They——"

"I understand," said Mrs. Howe, gently. "And I'm really glad, Henrietta," she added, speaking directly to Mrs. Jaynes.

"Honestly, Nancy?" asked the grief-stricken woman, earnestly, as, putting down her bag, she glided to the invalid's chair. "I had no idea you knew my cross." And dropping to her knees, she buried her head in Mrs. Howe's lap and sobbed.

Patting the heaving shoulders with one hand, Mrs. Howe motioned with the other for the young people to withdraw and as the door closed behind them, the two mothers blended their tears.

"What's the answer?" demanded Dick, eagerly, as the three stood in the hall.

Both Marie and Judith started to tell him at the same time, giving vent to the

stress of the experience thru which they had passed by the rapidity of their speech.

"All right! Let up, p-please!" interrupted Dick, putting his hands to his ears as tho to ward off the avalanche of words. "I get it. And Marie, I'm glad of it! I've often wished I had the right to recommend this very thing, for I've known what kind of a man Jaynes is for a long time."

"Then why don't you make the right?" asked the girl boldly, smiling up into his eyes.

A moment Dick stared back, blankly, then exclaimed:

"Jove! That's a cracking idea, Marie, Do——"

"I should call it a binding rather than a cracking one," interposed Judith. "But I don't want to watch any billing and cooing fest. And besides, Dick is going to war."

"Which is just the reason he should have a wife to look after his interests while he's gone," retorted Marie.

"U-um," mocked Judith. "I wondered why you were looking so intently at that sign this afternoon."

"What sign?" demanded Marie.

"Why, the one that says 'Eventually, why not now?' I suppose you reason that if you are going to be Mrs. Richard Howe some day, it might just as well be today. But as Dick's guardian, I will not stand by and see you force yourself upon him."

The tone, however, in which Judith uttered these words gave the lie to them and throwing out her arms, she hugged them both.

"I have it," she cried, as they finally drew apart. "We'll have the wedding as the climax to the house party. We'll have it tomorrow afternoon. Dick, you sneak off in the morning and get the license and the ring and I'll do the rest."

For a moment Marie and Dick looked into each others' eyes and then he drew her to him.

"You certainly live up to your nickname, Skyrocket," laughed the prospective bridegroom. "But what about the house party? What's the idea?"

"Oh, Marie'll tell you," returned his sister. "I'm going to round up the bunch. So do your love-making quickly, because nothing spoils a house party like a couple of love-sick kids. And remember, the coming wedding is to be kept a secret."

"But I must tell mother," protested Dick.

"And I the mater," insisted Marie. "It's only fair to both of them."

The argument into which these expressions of opinion threw the young people was suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell.

Going to the door, Dick opened it to find the Jaynes butler, Keller, on the porch.

"A letter for Mrs. Jaynes," he announced, gave the missive to Dick, quickly turned on his heel and stalked down the steps.

The words of the flunky had been plainly audible to the two girls and instantly they had recognized his voice.

"He's begun to annoy your mother just as she said he would," exclaimed Judith.

"But what shall we do about it?" anxiously inquired Marie. "I know it will upset the mater terribly."

"Then why give it to her?" asked Dick.

"Would that be right when it's addressed to her?" countered Marie. "It wouldn't be right. Give it to me and I'll take it in to her." And she held out her hand.

Dick, however, refused to surrender the missive. Instead, he tore open the envelope—and what he read caused an expression of grave seriousness to settle on his face.

Noting it, both girls asked, almost in the same breath:

"What is it?"

"I don't know, perhaps you do," and he turned to Marie. "It says, 'I heard what you said. If you breathe a word of what you know it will be worse for you.'"

"O-oh!" gasped the bride to be. "The ogre did hear what the mater said, Judith. But what can be the secret she knows?"

"Whatever it is, it must be something that will cause that man trouble. I think it will be best not to give the note to your mother at all, Marie. At least, not until after the wedding—because now we've settled on that, I'm not going to let anything interfere with it, and this thing, whatever it is, might make your mother ill."

"Skyrocket, go on your shooting way, if you're going," Dick concluded, putting the sinister message into its envelope, then into his pocket.

CHAPTER VI.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

AS JUDITH set out on her round of gathering a few of their most intimate friends for the house party and the surprise wedding, the lovers sought out a secluded nook in the library.

With the memory of the upheaval her tidings had caused in the Jaynes family, it was with a feeling of trepidation that Judith mounted the steps of the Nelson home. But her fears were quickly allayed by the enthusiasm which greeted her announcement that Dick was going with his draft quota.

"Sure we'll make the house party a success," declared Archie Nelson, the 20-year-old son of the family. "I only wish I were in Dick's shoes. He's a lucky dog."

"Take it from little Beth Nelson," broke in his sister, "this celebration is going to be one that Dick Howe will never forget. I'll get my things and go right over."

As Judith thought of the lovers, for a moment her sense of mischief inclined her to let Beth spoil their tete-a-tete, but her feeling of fairness prevailed and she said:

"No, you and Archie come along with me while we get Tom and Sally Tracy and Mark and Isabelle Stebbins."

As the young people made ready to go, Mrs. Nelson stopped them.

"Judith, won't Dick's older friends be welcome to bid him godspeed?" she asked.

"Of course you'll be welcome," returned the girl. "Only please come so you'll be there sure by 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Something special?" asked Mr. Nelson, adding, "if it is, I'll come home from business in time to be there."

"Yes, it's most special," laughed Judith.

"Then I'll be there," he announced. "And remember, you young folks, don't pull the house down round Mother Nancy's head. She'll need it while Dick's away."

An equally cordial reception of Judith's news and acceptance of her invitation to the house party greeted her from the young people of the Stebbins and Tracy families, and from their

It Was Three Hours Later When He Went to His Room.

parents Judith received the assurance they would be on hand before 3 o'clock on the next afternoon.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Tom Tracy, as they all set out for the Howe home.

"You'll know at 3 tomorrow," returned the girl and no amount of questioning would bring anything more definite from her.

As they drew nearer the scene of their proposed gaiety, Judith began to be afraid her friends would discover her secret when they found Dick and Marie together. But, could she have known it, her fears were groundless.

Soon after she had started on her round, Mrs. Jaynes had opened the door of Mrs. Howe's room and called Dick.

With Marie at his side, he entered the room. One glance at the faces of their respective mothers was sufficient to tell them that something serious was at hand.

"Dick," began Mrs. Jaynes, "I don't like to do anything that may cast a damper on the pleasure of your party, but both your mother and I feel the situation demands that I consult you."

For a moment Mrs. Jaynes paused, evidently considering the words she should use, then continued:

"It is most abhorrent to me, to feel obliged to say this."

"That's all right. You're talking to one of the family," declared Dick, deeming the moment opportune to make the announcement. "Marie just honored me by consenting to become my wife tomorrow afternoon. Judith is in on the secret, but we are not going to tell any one else—and give them all a big surprise."

Oftentimes before, the two mothers had discussed this possibility of a union of their families and both were, therefore, delighted with the idea.

"It makes it very much easier, in a way, for me to say what I must," declared Mrs. Jaynes, after the usual felicitations had been exchanged. "As I started to say, for the last two weeks, Mr. Jaynes has acted in such a way as to arouse my suspicions. I don't suppose you know that he has extensive property interests in Bavaria and that he is of German birth. He never told me, but I found a paper once. He threatened to kill me if I ever told. He——"

"You mean that the man is a German spy?" interrupted Marie, anticipating her mother's words.

At the word, Mrs. Jaynes started as tho struck with a lash.

"Yes, that is what I suspect, tho I should have put it differently, probably," she replied, in a voice so low as to be barely audible.

Instantly Dick's face became grave and in his mind rose the words—and an explanation—of the message he had intercepted.

"What reasons have you for thinking that?" asked the man who was soon to join the fight for the liberty of the world.

"Because strange men have come to see him often. They talk only in German and they pore over maps and paper. Since the United States got into the war they have come oftener and more secretly, and Jaynes has two offices, tho he never had told me."

"How do you know?"

"Because last week when I was down town, I went to the office I knew about where he did his brokerage business. The stenographer told me that he was at his other office, evidently thinking I knew where it was. Not wishing her to know the truth, I thanked her and went out. Now I am sorry. I wish I knew where that other office is."

"We'll find out, easily enough," declared Dick. "I can run in to the office we know about when I'm down town tomorrow. Jaynes will probably be out. Anyway, if he isn't I'll go back when he is. Then, when the stenographer mentions his other office, I'll tell her it's important I get in touch with him right away and ask her where it is. Anything else?"

"Yes. About a week ago, in the night, he had something heavy delivered to the house. What it was, or where it is, I have been unable to find out. I have tried, but my search has been hampered by Keller, our butler. He seemed to be dogging me whenever I started on my hunt. So much so, that I was unable to conduct it.

"Coming on top of my discovery of a second office, the two things combined made my suspicions a moral certainty, tho I realize I have not presented anything that the courts would accept as evidence."

"But haven't you been able to follow Jaynes in the house when he has gone to where he may have hidden this mystery package?" inquired Dick.

"No, for the reason that he has been coming in very late at night. Oh, I have watched and waited. But I have never known at what hour he has come into the house. The only times I have seen him were when he went into his room."

The silence that settled upon the hearers of these statements, as each put his own interpretation upon them, was finally broken by Marie, who asked:

"How did you happen to see the box, or whatever it was, arrive, mater?"

"By the merest chance. Unable to sleep, I got out of bed to pace my room. Something drew me to the window. Looking out, I was just in time to see a large automobile, not ours, stop in front of the house. Surprised, I watched while four men, one of whom I recognized as Jaynes, got out of the car, then took out a large box. From the way they handled it, it was evident it was heavy.

"As the men were carrying it as quickly as they were able toward the back of the house, I saw another form join them. Later the light fell on the man's face and I recognized Keller. I watched as long as I could, but my room is so situated that I was unable to see what they did after they gained the side of the house. At the end of what may have been a quarter of an hour, three of the men reappeared, got into the machine and drove away. Fearing that I should run into Jaynes, I did not go downstairs to see what was going on. But——"

"Oh, if you only had. I should think what you had seen would have made you," interposed Marie.

"My dear, I knew what would happen should Jaynes learn that I had seen the box arrive—and I was afraid. It was cowardly, but I was afraid."

"Which was perfectly natural, under the circumstances," said Mrs. Howe. "You young people do not know that man as I do. I think it no exaggeration to say that had he known his wife had seen those nocturnal actions, well, her life would have been in danger."

This startling statement checked the words of reproval that were on Marie's tongue.

"To finish my story," resumed Mrs. Jaynes. "I opened my door slightly and hid so that I could watch Jaynes' room. It was three hours later—I took both times by my watch—that he went into his room. This knowledge, and my suspicions, have driven me almost insane. Time and again, I have been on the point of seeking advice, but my pride and the hope that I should discover the location of the box have held me back. Then besides, I did not know to whom to go, I mean where my suspicions would be received in confidence."

"There is a place where such things can be reported and without the publicity attendant upon going to the police and also where every one will receive courteous attention," said Dick. "That place is the office of the American Protective League. Any policeman can tell you where it is. This league is composed of loyal men who are pledged to run down trails of spies and any suspicious characters or happenings. They are organized not only in every city of the country but in the towns and villages.

"The aid they are to the Government is amazing. The league is not a secret organization, tho for obvious reasons, its membership is not made public, nor is it composed of bands of irresponsible Ku Klux, but men of sterling character and of the most intense loyalty. They work, of course, in conjunction with the Department of Justice and the Army and Navy Intelligence Departments and receive no pay.

"I shall go to headquarters tomorrow and lay the facts in regard to Jaynes before them. You will not be troubled by having operatives running after you and the sources of complaints or information they receive are sacredly guarded.

"The league will be able to get at the bottom of these sinister actions of Jaynes and, when they get the evidence, he will be brought to book. So don't worry any more about it. It will only injure your health. And you may rest assured the A. P. L. will learn the truth."

Just as Dick ceased speaking, the tramp of feet and the chattering of voices sounded on the porch and quickly Judith and her friends trooped in.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEDDING.

THE young people were amazed at the gravity of the faces of the four they found in Mrs. Howe's room.

Dick, however, forestalled any attempt

to ascertain the cause by declaring that he was going to give them the surprise of their lives before he left with his quota, and soon the spirit of revelry was running riot. The young folks were back again early the next day.

Skyrocket sent Tom, Archie and Mark on various errands while she claimed the services of the girls in cooking dainties.

"These things will make Dick ill, there are so many of them," declared Beth. "If he eats half of them, he'll——"

"Which he won't, because there are other people coming to the spread," Judith replied. "The way you girls all talk you'd think there wasn't another mortal on earth but Dick."

"Yes, and I'll say that it is the craziest idea I ever heard of, having a feast in the middle of the afternoon," declared Isabelle. "Why not wait until evening, or at least till dinner time?"

"You'll see what you'll see," returned Judith, enigmatically.

"Well, I think you're 'stuffy' to keep your old secret to yourself," exclaimed Sally. "What's a girl chum for unless to tell secrets to?"

"Less talk and more action," laughed the Skyrocket. "That cake will be more like a depth bomb than anything else if you don't beat it better, Sally Tracy."

"Where's Dick?" asked Archie, when he and the other boys returned.

"Downtown," replied Marie, with an air of mystery.

"Well, this is a heck of a party with the main squeeze gone and the Skyrocket so full of secrets," declared Tom.

"O-o-h, that makes me think," suddenly exclaimed Judith. "You all keep right on with your work. I'll be back directly. You boys can get busy with the crank of the ice cream freezer."

Running from the kitchen Judith went to the telephone and called up the rector of the church all the families attended.

Hastily she explained the situation and obtained his promise to arrive promptly at five minutes before three, after which she returned to supervise the culinary preparations.

In the meantime Dick first went to the office of the marriage license clerk, where he obtained his license, then bought the ring, and finally turned his steps to Jaynes' office.

When he reached there, however, he found it empty.

Amazed, he sought out the office of the building, where he learned that Jaynes' men had moved out all his belongings early in the morning. The agents were unable to tell him what had been done with the furniture, as the men had left no forwarding address or given information as to where they were taking it. They also were unable to tell him the name of Jaynes' stenographer.

Realizing it was but a waste of time to ask more questions, Dick left.

"I'll bet old Jaynes has taken his stuff to his other office," he told himself as he hastened to the elevator starter. "It sure looks worse and worse. I wonder what's up."

From the starter, as he had hoped, Dick learned that the name of Jaynes' stenographer was Hilda Burnquist. Where she lived, or anything else about her, he claimed not to know.

With this information, in addition to what Mrs. Jaynes had told him, Dick went to the headquarters of the American Protective League, where he quickly laid the facts before one of the inspectors. His report was eagerly received and when he had finished he was assured that work would be begun on the case without delay.

Upon his return to his home and guests the fun waxed fast and furious and before the young people realized the hour the elder guests began to arrive.

All of them brought presents of articles that would be of service to Dick in the training camp and when he got into the trenches in France.

As their donors presented them, they expressed their delight at Dick's going into the service and promised to keep an eye on the welfare of his mother and Judith.

So absorbed were they all in examining the gifts that none of them noticed the arrival of the rector except Judith, who was on the lookout for him.

Greeting him as he entered, the girl took him to one side and explained her plans, after which they joined the others.

Standing at the back of the group the rector said:

"My friends, I notice that you have all brought Richard presents which will be of use to him. My present is a bit different," and his face lighted with a smile as he continued. "While I know he will find it of the greatest use, I am also sure that he will find it most highly ornamental. I——"

"Why, he hasn't brought a single thing with him," exclaimed Beth, in a voice that was meant to be low, but was heard by all.

At the words everybody laughed.

"You are wrong there, Beth," the rector replied. "I have brought something that no others of you can give."

As he spoke, the rector drew from the pocket of his coat a prayer book.

At the sight a surprised hush fell upon the guests, who looked first at the rector, then at one another, in amazement.

And while they were still puzzled as to the meaning of his words, the rector again spoke.

"If you will all kindly step back a little," he said, "I'll deliver my present. Richard, will you and Marie please come to me?"

As the youth and blushing maiden obeyed there was a gasp from their chums and elders. Then, as the true significance of the words and actions came to them, they cried out in delight, only to be silenced by the rector's hand.

In full tones he read the marriage service and as Dick pressed his lips to those of his bride, the rector turned to the others.

"Now you have all been witnesses to my present," he declared with a smile.

When at last they realized that Dick and Marie were man and wife, the guests cheered.

"Judith Howe, I think you're the meanest thing in the world not to have told us so we could at least get something suitable for Marie," exclaimed Isabelle. "I'll never forgive you as long as I live, so there!"

"In which you are very wrong, Isabelle," declared the rector. "It is not fitting, in this crisis not only of our own country but of the world, that money, so sorely needed to carry on the war, should be wasted in the usual run of wedding gifts to a soldier's bride. Any needless expenditure of money in these days of stress is to be condemned, and spent on gifts for the wife of a man who is about to make the supreme sacrifice it would be unpardonable. So, you see, Judith is really to be praised for saving all of you from committing such an unpardonable act—because I know you all love Dick and Marie, and I know that you would have loaded them with presents."

"I say, good for Skyrocket! Let's give her three cheers for saving us from ourselves!" exclaimed Tom—and the cheers were given with a will.

"Just the same, I think it's tough on Marie," declared Isabelle. "I hope no soldier boy asks me to marry him—till the war's over."

The laughter that greeted this outburst of candor dispelled the effect caused by the rector's rebuke and light-heartedness reigned again as the guests crowded about the newly weds, showering them with congratulations and nonsensical advice.

Guests at the surprise wedding are given some interesting information about some things which every relative of our soldiers and sailors should know.

Second Part of a Stirring War Story

THE DESERTER

By George Ethelbert Walsh

You Can Go on From Here

LIEUT. WESLEY MASON, of the U. S. Navy embezzles the major portion of a pension fund, which is in his charge. He confesses to his brother, Gordon, who also holds a lieutenancy, and who has always gotten the younger brother, Wesley, out of scores of scrapes. The brothers look so much alike that they cannot be told apart except for the fact that Gordon has light hair while Wesley's hair is coal black. They both love Judith Grenville. Gordon agrees to steal the money from a fund in his keeping outside the Navy, make up Wesley's deficit, and flee, thereby freeing Wesley from blame. But first he gets Wesley to agree to his (Gordon's) dyeing his hair black and going to Judith and finding out which one she really loves. His hair dyed, Gordon goes to Judith, and finds that she loves him, taking him for Wesley. Gordon then makes good Wesley's deficit, deserts from the Navy and flees to South America where he becomes an operator attached to a lonely U. S. cable station under an assumed name. With war declared on Germany, Wesley, in command of a destroyer goes south and stops at the cable station. He meets Gordon. The latter is shocked when Wesley tells him he did not wed Judith, but married Polly Whipple because of her money.

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CHAPTER V.

BROTHER TRAPS BROTHER.

GORDON was restless and irritable after Wesley had gone, and Hedrin, who had suddenly found new interest in life with the coming of the fleet, rallied him on his gloom, but the old white-haired chief's enthusiasm and words of scorn were alike unavailable.

"The ships'll scatter up and down the coast," he said, "but they'll make this bay their base and keep the cables hot with their messages. I got in direct touch with Washington."

Gordon nodded, but continued pulling dismally at his pipe. Hedrin, suspecting it was fear of being arrested as a deserter from the Navy, suddenly changed his attitude. "You needn't be present when any of the officers call, Cardigan," he added. "Bobby and I can handle the business."

Again Gordon nodded, but made no reply. He was bitterly reflecting, and the more he recalled certain things of the past the less he liked them. And when he looked at the fleet assembled in the harbor a few miles off shore, the old longing came back and made him more irritable than ever.

Wesley did not call again. Another young officer brought the next batch of cablegrams from the Admiral in command, and three times when the Jacob Brown appeared thereafter the young officer landed instead of Wesley. From some obscure hiding place, Gordon watched in silence, frowning to himself and muttering.

One day Hedrin announced dolefully: "The fleet sails to Barranquilla in the morning. And just after we'd begun to live again! This hole will be lonelier than ever when they go."

Gordon started in surprise. "I thought this was to be their base?"

"It was until the plans were changed. I suppose the officers needed a little more social recreation than they could get here. That young middy that's been coming here hit the nail on the head. He said the Admiral wanted a place to land where he wouldn't get his feet wet."

"It is a hell hole," nodded Gordon sententiously.

Hedrin eyed him curiously. "It's a wonder to me," he added, "you don't try to go with them, Cardigan. Even deserters are needed, aren't they, in war times?"

"Perhaps I will. I might swim it."

Hedrin grinned. "And be mistaken for the periscope of a submarine and shot."

"That's better than rotting here. We take our chances in war," Cardigan said.

"I'd make it worth while then. Better row out in the flat-bottom tug. You might do it by moonlight."

Gordon made no reply. He was moody and restless. Wesley had apparently decided not to see him again. A little bitterly he reflected on the gratitude of ungrateful brothers.

He paced the beach in front of the cable station when the moon came up, his eyes constantly watching the twinkling lights in the distance. In the morning the warships would be gone, and Matapalo would once more settle down to its undisturbed calm. The thought became almost unbearable.

One of the lights in the distance appeared larger and brighter than the others. It bobbed up and down continually. As Gordon watched it in moody silence, it changed its position. He stopped in his pacing and surveyed it curiously.

"It's coming this way," he muttered finally. "I wonder if Wesley——"

The rest of the sentence was lost on the night air. The light was on a small boat approaching the landing. A few minutes later this was so evident that Gordon walked to the end of the dock to meet it. A lantern that Hedrin had kept burning there since the fleet came marked the end of the dock.

It was a small motor launch, and when it bobbed alongside the rude platform Gordon was on hand. A young officer sprang ashore, and rushed for the cable office. Gordon emerging from the shadows peered thru the dusk.

"Wes," he called softly.

There was no response. "Is Lieutenant Mason aboard?" he asked one of the sailors fending the launch from the dock.

"Yes, sir, he's——"

A figure appeared and interrupted him. "Hold the launch until I return."

It was Wesley. He jumped to the dock and stood by his brother's side. He was nervous and ill at ease.

"You're making it very unpleasant for me, Gordon," he whispered in a low voice, "and dangerous for yourself. Ben Scott is aboard, and he'd recognize you. Now what is it you want?"

"Just a little brotherly chat, Wes. I didn't think you'd leave without calling again. Took good care not to show yourself, didn't you?"

"It wasn't necessary for me to come ashore before, and, besides I was busy."

They walked to the end out of hearing of the others.

"How soon do you expect to return?" Gordon asked casually.

"As soon as that message is put on the cable—half an hour, perhaps."

"Then we'll have time for a little talk. Come up to my little retreat in the swamp. Nobody can hear us there."

Wesley grumbled a protest, but Gordon led the way to the old building where he had hidden that first day when the fleet appeared. Striking a match he lighted a lantern, closing the door after him.

Nobody can see the light here," he remarked, smiling. "We're as safely hidden from prying eyes and ears in this swamp as if we were a thousand miles away. Take off your cap, Wes, and make yourself comfortable."

The other made no move to accept this hospitable request, and Gordon performed the operation for him. He clapped the cap on his own head, and remarked: "Good fit, Wes. Your head hasn't swelled any."

In removing his own slouch hat to make the exchange, Gordon uncovered his head an instant. Wesley suddenly peered sharply at him.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Gordon?" he asked hastily. "Your hair's black—or is it the light?"

"No, it's black Wes. Up to the old trick again. Remember how I dyed it at Annapolis, and came near taking a licking on your account? Couldn't tell us apart, could they? I wonder if they could now Bennie Scott is one of your officers, you say? I wonder if Ben could pick us out. I might try it on him."

"What're you talking about!" snapped Wesley, irritably. "If you showed yourself to Scott he'd recognize you instantly."

"With my hair dyed?"

"Well, if he saw both of us, he'd know one of us was you."

"Sure! He'd guess that. But which would be which?"

Wesley's eyes darkened. He reached for his cap.

"Let me have it. This is no time for joking."

"No, that's so. This is war, and not Annapolis. Who'd you say your executive officer was?"

"I didn't say, but it's Merrilies—a new man. You don't know him."

"No, but that doesn't matter. What men of the old class are aboard with you?"

"None of them. They're scattered all over creation."

"You might give me the names of those I don't know. I'm mightily interested in the service even if I am out of it."

Grudgingly, and with many pauses, Wesley named off the different officers on the Jacob Brown and then, because Gordon insisted, he gave him details of the commanders of the other ships of the fleet.

"Quite a collection of old friends," Gordon admitted at the end Then he entered into a discussion of the ships themselves, asking probing questions about their efficiency, and any new devices employed. Wesley anxious to satisfy his curiosity explained the few changes and rules of navigation.

"Seems like as if I was in the service again," mused Gordon after a pause. "Glad to hear all the news, Wes."

"Well, if that's all I'll go now."

Gordon made no motion to rise. He looked at his brother critically. "Been drinking heavily lately, haven't you, Wes?" he observed.

"What's that to you?" the other flared up.

"Nothing, except Matapalo's a fine place to rest up in. Do you a lot of good to stay here a few weeks, Wes."

"Perhaps it would, but I must be going now." He smiled and reached for his cap that Gordon still retained.

"Been thinking of giving you a chance, Wes. Worried about you, and all that, you know."

"Hand me my cap, Gordon, and quit your fooling. I'm going now."

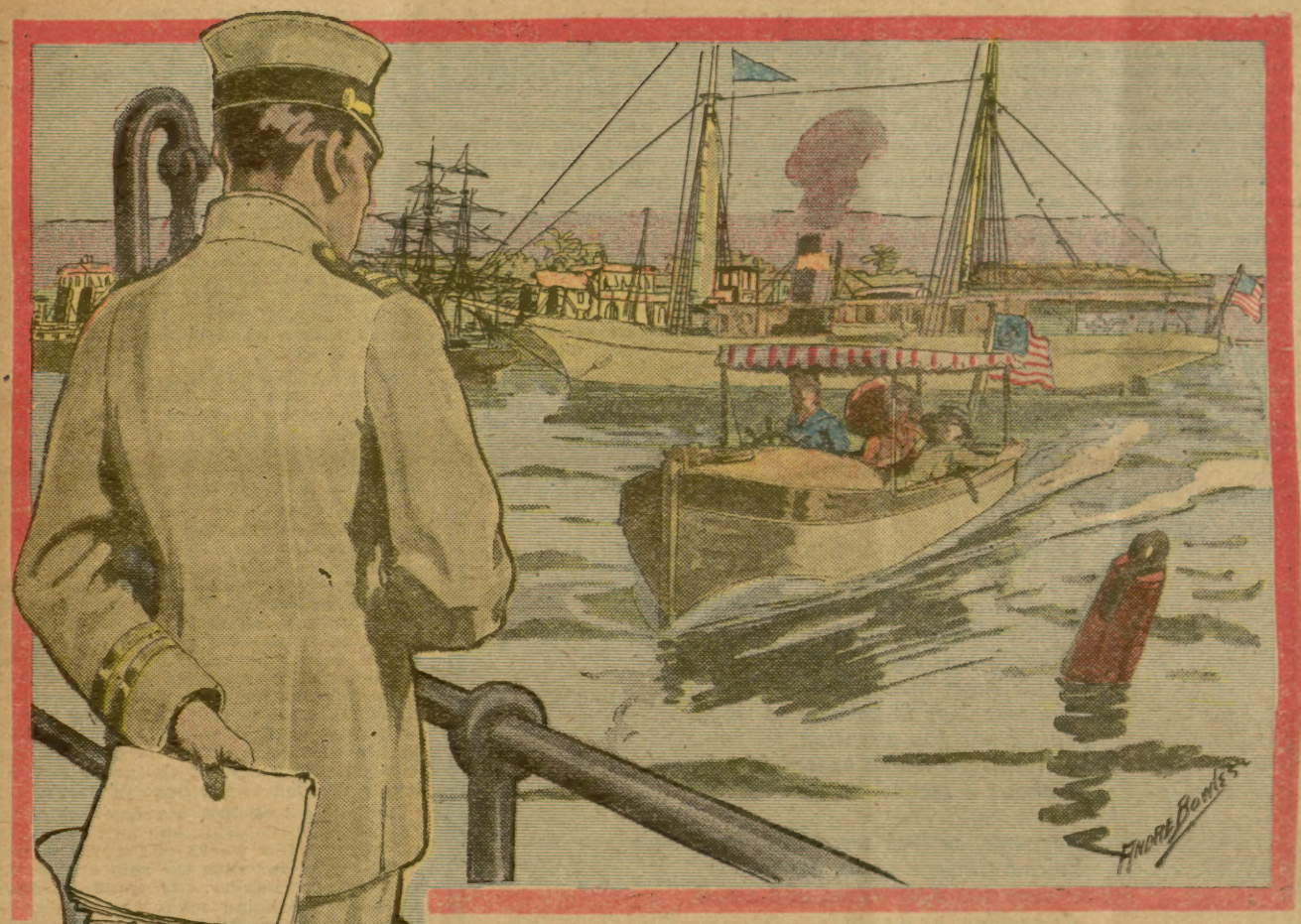
"About decided to give myself up and let the cat out of the bag, Wes," continued his brother. "Thought it was about time I had some of the fun and excitement It's been pretty tame and lonesome down here."

Wesley's face turned white. "You wouldn't do that, Gordon," he broke out sharply. "You couldn't you know. Nobody would believe you."

"Perhaps not, but Judith might. I told her that night—but never mind what I told her. I've changed my mind. I won't give you away. Don't fancy court-martials. They are unpleasant affairs."

Wesley breathed easier and started toward him with extended hands. "I knew you'd stand by me, Gordon."

"Yes, I'll stand by you, Wes. When haven't I? But I've got to have my fling.



Suddenly His Eye Caught Sight of a Small Launch Headed Straight for the Jacob Brown.

I've been in this d—d place so long I'm desperate. When I heard war was declared I knew I had to get into it. So I said to myself, I'll find a way."

"You'd be safer in the Army," was the hopeful reply.

"Don't know anything about the Army." He shook his head slowly. "No, it's the Navy for me."

"It would be dangerous to enlist. Some officer would spot you." Wesley's old fear was returning.

"No, I couldn't do that. I've another plan."

He was silent, and Wesley waited anxiously for him to proceed.

"I've got the notion," he added finally, "that I'd make as good a commander of a torpedo boat as anybody, Wes. I haven't forgotten any of the old tricks. Now you've been so good as to tell me a lot of names, and the newest wrinkles, I feel as fit as ever."

"What d'ye mean, Gordon? I can't stay here forever. What's your plan?"

His brother rose and walked to the door, and then back again.

"I'm so darn tired of this life, Wes, that I'm ready to do anything to get out of it," he said in a sharper voice. "I'd rather be hung as a goat than a sheep. I'd rather have my fling and face a firing squad than be arrested for a deserter. I'm not the kind to rot in prison. It doesn't agree with my digestion. You get the point, Wes?"

Wesley gulped and nodded, shivering slightly

"I don't quite see, Gordon," he stammered.

"No? Then I'll make it plainer."

He paused, frowning and gazing steadily at his brother, a glint of hardness in his eyes.

"Wes," he began slowly in a measured voice, "I've sacrificed a lot for you ever since we were little kids together, I didn't mind it then, for you were an affectionate cuss even if you weren't always grateful. I was the big brother, fighting your battles and getting you out of scrapes. You got into the habit of expecting me to play the fiddle every time you wanted to dance. It was always the same thing—before we went to Annapolis, and after we were graduated."

"I was grateful, Gordon, even if I didn't show it," the other broke in weakly.

"Then Judith came into our lives," Gordon continued, ignoring the interruption. "It was the first time I got the cold feet. Judith was a lot to me, but when I found it was you she loved I played square. I skipped, leaving her to you. Deserting the Navy was a hard blow, but it was nothing to breaking Judith's heart. It paid me. I didn't regret it. I wouldn't now—if you and Judith were married!"

He stopped and faced his brother with eyes that glowed with anger. "Wes, you didn't play fair to either of us. You deserted Judith when she needed you, and now I—well, Wes, I'm free to do as I like."

"No," he added, when Wesley quailed before his eyes, "I'm not going to expose you. I'm going to exchange places with you. I got to have my fling after two years of this life. I'm going to get into the Navy even if it's for only a few weeks or months. I'm going to get a shot at a German submarine, if I can find one, even at the risk of being caught and imprisoned for the rest of my life. Get me, Wes? I'm going to command the Jacob Brown, and you're going to rest up here at Matapalo!"

"Good God, are you crazy!" gasped Wesley.

"Maybe the sun has touched me here," tapping his head. "It gets 'em mostly sooner or later—that and the swamp fever. But crazy or not I'm going to have my fling."

"You'd be recognized and arrested in an hour," was the impassioned retort. "I'll never listen to such a fool idea."

"Reckon you'll have to, Wes," was the drawling reply. "You never was a match for me in a fight. If you don't do it willingly, I'll have to make you. Now strip off that uniform and get in my old duds."

"Gordon, for God's sake, let me speak!"

"Ain't got time, Wes. Here, I'll help you off with that coat. I got to report back to the launch in ten minutes. If I'm caught I'll say I overpowered you—yes, maybe I'd better bind you."

"I'll summon help," interrupted Wesley, putting a whistle to his lips.

"Then I'll surrender and lay the whole matter before the Admiral. If Judith's at Barranquilla, she'll prove a witness. It will be disgrace anyway, Wes. Better think twice before blowing that whistle."

CHAPTER VI.

GORDON AGAIN MEETS JUDITH.

WHEN the launch plowed its way back to the Jacob Brown Lieut. Wesley Mason, alias Gordon Mason, stood forward in gloomy, taciturn silence. Williams, the coxswain, an old grizzled seaman, gave no more than a passing glance at him, and Ben Scott, a junior lieutenant, who had been in the class below Gordon and Wesley, exhibited no curiosity or surprise.

Even when they reached the destroyer and Merrilies, the executive officer in charge during the commander's absence, came forward to greet him, he saw no difference.

Gordon went immediately to his quarters and Lieutenant Merrilies followed to give his report. "The Admiral's orders, sir," he said, saluting, and placing a transcript of a wireless before him.

Gordon glanced at the message. It was the final orders to weigh anchor and proceed to Barranquilla early in the morning to await further directions.

Gordon nodded and took a good look at his executive officer now that the light was shining clearly on his face. He was a young man, clean of face and trim of figure. Gordon could not remember seeing him before. He sighed with relief.

"All right, Mr. Merrilies, see that the orders are carried out. I'll be on deck shortly."

He wanted to study his surroundings in detail. He knew the destroyer from stem to stern, but there might have been some changes made that were not familiar to him. Scattered around in his small quarters were little keepsakes of his brother—a photograph of his wife, snapshots of the officers, one of Wesley himself posed at full length, a few curios that he had picked up in the course of his two years of active service and here and there some little reminder of Annapolis.

Gordon felt a glow of satisfaction, for they vividly recalled the past—a past that had been buried so deeply that he had never expected to see it revived. He looked around searchingly for a photograph of Judith and was a little disappointed when he could find none. It seemed the final evidence that Wesley had completely banished Judith from his life and thoughts.

Half an hour later he appeared on deck. Under the flaring electric lights he made a hasty inspection of the ship and the men, memorizing their faces carefully and recalling what little information his brother had given him.

It was midnight before he retired, a smile of grim happiness wreathing his face. The thrill of the adventure no less than the joy of being back again in the service throbbed thro his veins.

The real test of his masquerading would come by daylight, but he had no fear of even that. Wesley had changed little in the two years and with the exception of both being older they were still doubles. The distinguishing mark between them had been obliterated so that nobody could tell them apart.

Gordon was on deck early in the morning when the fleet got under way. In stately procession, with the flagship leading the way, they left Matapalo and headed for Barranquilla. With an exultant sigh of relief Gordon watched the cable station fade in the distance and disappear.

Barranquilla harbor greeted the American fleet with flags flying and whistles shrieking. Colombia outwardly showed a friendly attitude, although underneath there still slumbered rankling memories of the Panama dispute. The Admiral after receiving a deputation of port officers aboard the flagship made an official call ashore.

Gordon chose to remain aboard. He had no desire to go ashore. He was happy on the destroyer, once more in command of a warship. Wesley's information that his wife and Judith were at Barranquilla disturbed him. During a panic of fear he decided to stick closely to the ship, giving the crew and officers all the liberty he denied himself.

A large private yacht anchored close in shore attracted his attention. He studied it thru his glasses, but he could not read its name or identify it as belonging to Polly Whipple. A small boat from it steamed ashore and half an hour later returned.

"Polly and Judith going ashore to take in the reception," he muttered. "Wonder if Wes's wife will be expecting to see him. Hope she won't miss him."

He frowned and tried to recall his brother's words. He and Polly were not on the best of terms, but whether there was a distinct break or not between them he could not say. He rather hoped there was. It might save him from awkward complications.

Nothing happened to disturb his calm all the morning. He paced the deck, inspected the guns and torpedoes, and took a lively interest in talking to the gunners on duty. He even descended to the engine room to get a glimpse of the monster motors and dynamos.

Wesley had proved a good commander. Every bit of brass was shining and every gun and torpedo was ready for instant use. Even the gunners and crew looked fit and alert as they saluted him and responded to his questions with quick, intelligent answers.

"Wes always was a martinet for neatness and etiquette," he grinned to himself.

He sauntered forward and gazed happily across the harbor. Suddenly his eyes caught sight of a small launch dancing across the oily waves, headed straight for the Jacob Brown. It was a smart little launch, with the trappings of its private owner glaringly contrasted with the almost naked outlines of the navy boats. A bit of bright color underneath the gaily striped awning glinted in the warm sun.

Gordon paused and stiffened. A hand was waving to him from the side of the launch. His presence had been discovered before he had had time to collect his wits.

"Now, what'll I do!" he asked himself. He figured it must be Polly.

A number of wild plans to escape the meeting flashed thru his mind. He might play sickness, but then Polly would have the right to see him in his cabin. He could give orders that no visitors were allowed aboard, but directly over his head the visitors' flag was flaunting defiantly in the air.

He knew he had to face her.

Then half humorously he mumbled, grinning: "I hope Polly isn't the affectionate kind."

He walked to the receiving gangway and when he glanced down at the small launch a sailor was holding by the bow he got another jolt. Judith Grenville was smiling up at him!

"Why didn't you come ashore with the others, Wes?" demanded Polly. "Judith and I have been looking for you all morning."

Gordon's lame excuse was too muffled to reach the ears of his visitors. His face was white and his hands trembled. He scarcely knew what he was doing or saying.

Fortunately for his future sanity Polly did not demand her wifely prerogative, or perhaps she was not the affectionate kind, but whatever the reason she confined her greeting to a squeeze of the hand and a pouting remark: "You're not ill, Wes, are you?"

"No, I never felt better in my life, Polly."

His eyes were seeking to avoid those of Judith's.

A panicky feeling that if he glanced at her she would read his secret obsessed him. Still holding Polly's hands, he mumbled incoherently and tried to draw her away.

"Don't pull me like that, Wes," she cried. "You're hurting my hand. What's the matter—you haven't spoken to Judith?"

Gordon dropped the hand he had been holding as if his life depended upon it. "Oh, I beg pardon!"

Judith, amused by his embarrassment, was calmly smiling at him.

"Oh, Wes can't see anybody else when you're around, Polly," she said in a mocking voice, extending a hand.

"Don't be a cat, Judith!" was the sharp retort, and Polly walked away, leaving them facing each other.

Gordon turned helplessly to follow Polly, ignoring the extended hand and then collecting his wits he faced about and glanced for the first time squarely in Judith's eyes. They were the same eyes, the same face, the same hair, the same white neck and delicately-carved ears.

The remembrance of the time when he held her in his arms and passionately kissed her—when her whispered confession of love, tho intended for another, thrilled him—when under the clear moonlight at Newport he had stolen his single moment of bliss before disappearing—surged thru and thru him, overwhelming every other thought.

"You don't seem very happy to see me, Wes," Judith was saying in a light, bantering voice. "Polly insisted upon my coming with her."

"Yes—yes, I'm glad you came, Judith," he stammered, dropping her hand. "You want to see the ship? I'll show you around."

"Not today," she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "I almost know it by heart."

"Come here, Judith," called Polly. "That must be the launch from the flagship going after the Admiral. And I did so want to meet him! If you'd cared the least bit for my happiness, Wes," she added, turning upon Gordon, "you'd have come ashore with the others and introduced me. You never do anything I want. I think sometimes it's—it's just spite!"

"Don't say that, Polly," Gordon re-

plied quickly. "You know I'd—I'd do anything to please you."

Polly's eyes snapped. "Then come ashore to the dance tonight," she said. "We'll expect you. If you disappoint me I'll never want to speak to you again."

She gathered up her skirts and started for the gangway. "Come, Judith, we must go."

The brief visit was ended before Gordon had recovered sufficiently to speak with calmness. Now that the ordeal was about over, he suddenly yielded to the intoxicating influence of Judith's eyes.

"You'll come again, Judith, won't you?" he asked, appealingly. The expression of his voice must have awakened something in her, for her face grew suddenly grave and serious. She looked startled and frightened. Then, suddenly she became as calm as usual.

"Yes, Wes, if you want me," she replied softly.

She was gone after Polly before Gordon could speak again, leaving him bewildered and confused. Was he mistaken, or had there been a caressing intonation in the voice that was intended for his ears alone? Did she love Wes still? Or was it simply his imagination?

CHAPTER VII.

DESTROYER PLUNGES UPON A ROCK.

GORDON watched the striped awning of the launch until he could no longer separate it from the innumerable small boats that dotted the surface of the bay. Then he drew a sigh of relief in which was mingled a certain amount of foreboding, for he began to realize that complications might result from the visit of Polly and Judith more inimical to him than any developments on shipboard.

He recalled with a frown that he had promised Wes' wife that he would go ashore in the evening to attend the dance arranged for the officers of the fleet. He had not planned this in his itinerary of adventures.

If he neglected the visit he would only invite another scene on the decks of the destroyer. Polly would return in the morning to berate him for ignoring her request.

For half an hour he paced the deck, his mind in a state of unrest. In vain he ransacked his brain for some plausible excuse for not leaving the warship. Just at that moment he wished the fleet was lying anchored off Matapalo, where one was at least safe from the scheming of women. He realized that the fleet might remain at Barranquilla for days or even weeks, and in that time any sort of complication might happen.

"This isn't war," he growled to himself. "Why don't they give us something to do!"

His eyes scanned the horizon of the sea, and if at that moment a German fleet of submarines or warships had appeared Gordon's heart would have leaped with joy. Even with the odds against them, and with half the officers ashore, he would have welcomed the conflict, for he was in a mood to make history for the American Navy and go down with his ship fighting.

But no enemy warship appeared. There was nothing more threatening than a flock of seagulls, wheeling, circling and diving as they searched for their dinner.

Late in the afternoon the small boats began returning to the warships, bringing members of the crews and officers back to duty. The approaching of twilight only aggravated Gordon's unrest, for his decision had to be made within the next few hours. He wondered vaguely if Polly would send a launch for him, or come in person when she found he had not kept his word.

"I suppose the safest way is the natural way," he sighed finally. "I'll go, but I'll be hanged if I dance—not unless it's with Judith. No," on second thought, "not even with her."

When the last of the crew and officers came aboard, Gordon had reached a condition of resignation that left him freer to consider his duties. He would face the music, and trust to circumstances and his wits to carry off the situation.

Merrilies reported to him at once, an eager light in his eyes. "There's a rumor ashore," he said, "that German submarines have been seen along the coast, and some of the destroyers may be detached from the fleet to run them down."

Gordon's eyes lighted with hope and eagerness. "Then I hope we'll be among the lucky," he replied.

"Every commander will be wishing the same thing, I imagine," smiled Merrilies. "This shore stuff's all right in peace times, but we'd like to be doing something now."

"We must be ready for a quick start then, if the order comes. Every man aboard?"

"Yes, sir. We could start in five seconds."

"Good! Pass the word to the others to stand ready for instant sailing. What's that from the flagship? Orders?"

"She's signaling!" Merrilies clapped his glasses to his eyes. "Attention!" he murmured. "Orders for the Farragut to get under way—the Porter—the Wilson—the Jacob Brown! We've drawn the lucky number, sir!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Gordon was on his way to the wireless room, where the operator was already taking down a message. He looked up when Gordon entered.

"Orders from the Admiral, sir!" he mumbled, passing the slip of paper to his superior.

Gordon glanced at it, and barely suppressed a wild desire to shout. The orders for the Jacob Brown were to proceed down the coast to search for any signs of enemy submarines.

In a few seconds every member of the crew was in action. As if by intuition each seaman, gunner and engineer seemed to sense the meaning of the wireless, and like bloodhounds that had caught the scent, they sprang to their posts. A few brief commands, a tinkling of bells, and the Jacob Brown suddenly came to life and activity. Down in her vitals there was a throb of machinery, a whirring of dynamos, a cloud of black smoke from her funnels, and then with a hoarse cough she glided from her moorings and turned her head seaward.

There were similar preparations on the other destroyers chosen for the work, and so well timed was their starting that all four got away almost simultaneously.

A smile flitted across Gordon's lips as the Jacob Brown took the lead. She had gotten under way the fraction of a minute ahead of the others, and he determined to hold it. In the race for the open sea the four destroyers belched clouds of black smoke that spread over the harbor like a screen.

With her engines throbbing, and every pound of steam pushing her machinery to capacity, the destroyer held on her course until two miles away from the shore. Then with the short race won she signaled good-by to the others, and turned sharply to the south. The Wilson proceeded further out to sea before changing her course south and the Porter and Farragut turned north.

"We're running pretty close in shore, sir," Merrilies remarked, "and this coast is very dangerous. Shall we move out further?"

"No, keep her on her course," Gordon replied grimly. "If there's any submarines we must be the first to spot them. The Wilson's a faster boat, and we must keep the lead."

Merrilies nodded, and the Jacob Brown bowled along at top speed. The Colombian coast as far as Point Gallinas is a series of rocky indentations. Beyond that the Gulf of Maracaibo opens its mouth to the sea, and numerous reefs scattered off shore mark the beginning of the long semi-circle of islands known as the Lesser Antilles.

Merrilies was not familiar with the waters, but the charts indicated dangerous obstructions within the five-mile zone. In order to increase the lead of the Wilson, Gordon hugged the shore so persistently that his executive officer once more asked for directions.

"We'll cut out ahead of the Wilson when we near the Cape," was the short retort. "We're safe."

In his very eagerness to be first on the scene to spot an enemy submarine, he was unwilling to yield any of the lead he had gained, but the Wilson had steamed far out to sea, and was now almost hull down on the horizon.

Meanwhile, the suppressed excitement aboard the destroyer was showing itself in watchful eyes scanning the water. From commander to the humblest jackie, the eagerness to be the first to pick up the periscope of a submersible was apparent. Powerful sea glasses and naked eyes swept the horizon continually, while gunners stood by their rapid-firers ready to unleash them at a moment's notice.

Cutting thru the seas at her tremendous speed, the destroyer repeatedly nosed thru waves instead of over them, submerging her decks in a wallow of salty brine. Gordon enjoyed the keen, cutting air, the cold dash of the spray, and the throb of the machinery. They were all music to him after his long sojourn on land. His nostrils dilated, his eyes sparkled, and when a towering wave scattered its spray clear up to the bridge he could have shouted with glee.

He was having his fling after all. Matapalo seemed a long way back in his memory. Polly and Judith had faded from his vision. Occasionally he thought of them and smiled. The Admiral's orders had effectually settled the problem that had worried him.

Unfortunately, darkness was rapidly approaching, and the chances of spotting a periscope if any lurked in the vicinity were rapidly lessening; but in the early dawn of a new day they would be ready to pick up the scent again.

"They always come out just before dawn to take a look around," Gordon remarked to his executive officer when darkness obscured the sea. "We must be on the lookout for them then."

"Yes, sir, that's the best time to find them. Shall we run out to sea and slow down until daybreak?"

"How far are we from shore?"

"We're in the three-mile limit."

"Keep out beyond that. It's my opinion submarines hug the shore for protection. But we'll stretch the law if we spot one."

Steaming at slow speed the destroyer made its way south, zigzagging back and forth to avoid any danger and to make its search the more complete. With lights dimmed and portholes closed, it moved like a shadow across the silent waste of water.

Gordon refused to leave the bridge until after midnight. The excitement of the experience banished sleep from his thoughts. A double watch was set, but he kept pacing the deck, scanning the darkened horizon long after the others not on duty had retired.

He went down to his cabin and tried to rest, but his tingling nerves and racing blood forbade any relaxation. The great chance of a lifetime might be waiting for him. If he could be the first to destroy a submarine, the adventure would be well worth all the risk. What if the glory of it should go to Wesley! He would have the satisfaction of having participated in the greatest war of the ages and winning out. It had never entered his mind to rob his brother of any of the glory that might accrue to him in his wild adventure. It was for the blood-thrilling zest of the game that he had responded to the urge of battle.

When he had had his day—when he had satisfied the grim longing to play the game for a few weeks—he would return to Matapalo and turn the ship over to its rightful commander. It could be done with no one being made the wiser. It was a masquerade in which the stake was greater than any he had ever played for before.

"I can't waste time down here," he said finally in disgust, unable to sleep or close his eyes. "If anything's doing on deck I want to be there."

He made his way to the bridge once more, surprising the officer in charge. "I can't sleep," he explained when the other looked at him. "I got to do something. I'll take charge. If you want to go below, I'll relieve you."

The young officer mumbled a few words of appreciation and walked away. Gordon in command of the ship paced the bridge in tense silence. The night was quiet and unusually dark. The stars overhead were brilliant and scintillating. A slight phosphorescence lit up the sea occasionally in their wake, but otherwise it merged invisibly into the blackness of its surroundings.

The destroyer was running slowly, marking time until morning dawned rather than trying to make speed for any definite point. The submarines might be near or far down the coast, for the rumors had been indefinite. The orders to the destroyers had been to search for them in all directions.

Once Gordon, peering intently thru the darkness, caught sight of something that held his attention for a moment. It seemed like the flicker of a light, but its sudden disappearance left him in a quandary.

"Did you see anything, Higgins?" he demanded of the steersman. "Off there two points to the starboard?"

"No, sir, I saw nothing, but——"

"Bring her around," Gordon added quickly. "If it wasn't a light, it was something else."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Porting the helm, the officer on duty at the wheel swung the destroyer sharply around and ran in the direction Gordon gave. But there was no reappearance of the light. Silently like a great shadow the ship glided thru the darkness until Gordon was satisfied that his eyes had deceived him.

A little angry at himself, he scowled and bit his lips. "I've been on land so long, I'm seeing things!" he growled under his breath.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before an ominous grating noise, followed by a violent lurching of the ship that nearly threw him off his feet, startled him. Even before that was shock came Gordon knew what had happened. All his sea knowledge on the entific training came automatically to parcel. He the surface.

"Port her! Port her!" he cried, leaping to the side of the steering wheel, and sent it spinning. Sunday. hands of the other, but the Jacob Brown yesterday for the first time in its existence swung out to respond to its helm. The sheer of your violent collision followed, throwing Gordon against the side of the room and nearly dislocated an arm. Higgins had even worse luck, for he lost his grasp on the wheel and fell all in a heap with a resounding thud. Jumping quickly to his feet, he gasped:

"What's happened, sir?"

Gordon was conscious of looking steadily at the man an instant, inclined to laugh at his rolling eyes and frenzied

FRIEND OPPORTUNITY

There was a man who had a Chance,
It knocked upon his door—
He'd heard that Opportunity
Comes once, then nevermore;
But he was deaf to knock and ring,
He did not pay attention,
So naturally, Chance passed him by
Without a second mention.

Once more, as luck would have it, came
Friend Chance again, to knock;
The man was deaf again, and stood
As heedless as a rock!
Chance shook his head, a mournful shake,
And sighed with deepest pain:
"Ingratitude has got my goat—
I won't come here again!"

By all the rules and all the laws
Of Fate, our man was lost—
He'd listened not to Chance, and thus
Fate spurned him to his cost!
Yet once again—O Chance, how kind—
The knock came at the door;
Yet once again he listened not
And Chance went on once more.

You know, of course, that ne'er again
Came Chance to woo the man—
(At least that is the usual way
That Fate works out its plan!)
But this was not the case, for there
The man stood pat and firm—
He wasn't like the early bird
That grabbed the earliest worm.

He waited, laughed at Chance and stood
And waited yet, until
One day the Biggest Sort of Chance
Came tripping down the hill!
He grabbed it then, and ever since
I'm half inclined to think
The ancient lines from copy books
Were chiefly wind and ink!

stare. Then, quietly, without raising his voice, he answered:

"Happened, Higgins? We've struck a rock!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IT IS HARD TO FOOL A WOMAN.

THE crew and officers swarmed up on deck in various stages of undress, and in a few moments the destroyer was alive with questioning men and officers who were trying to keep order. Fearing that a submarine was responsible for the shock, and that a torpedo had already struck the ship, the gunners sprang to their stations to train their rapid-firers on anything that showed itself.

The petty officers likewise showed the discipline of training, and picked up their duties in as matter a fact way as possible. The destroyer was listing so badly that it was dangerous to walk her deck without holding to something for support.

In the few seconds that elapsed between the shock and the appearance of the men on deck, Gordon lived a life of emotion. He suddenly saw his whole adventure brought to an abrupt and tragic end, but more than that he realized that he had involved Wesley in his own troubles. His whole escapade would now have to come into the pitiless glare of publicity. There was no escaping it.

He had no illusions about the result of the accident. Naval officers were not excused for running their ships on submerged rocks. It was their duty to know the charted waters in which they were navigating, and to take proper precautions. He recalled with a pang of regret the repeated warning of Merrilies that they were running dangerously near the coast. Well, that let his executive officer out. He was glad of that. He had no desire to shift the responsibility to another.

In the investigation that would follow, and the court-martial that was as inevitable, he could offer no plea that was excusable. The destroyer on such a dark night should not have been running so close to the dangerous coast. His position would be the most damning evidence against him.

All these thoughts flashed thru his mind in rapid succession before Merrilies stood by his side, white of face, but officially calm and collected.

"It isn't a submarine?" he asserted and asked in the same sentence.

"No, we've run upon a rock, Merrilies. We're resting easily by the bow. See how much she's leaking."

Gordon was glad when he was left alone again with the steersman, who had partly recovered from his fright and stood ready for orders.

"No use turning the wheel, Higgins," he remarked quietly. "We're fast, and besides the helm's out of order, isn't it?"

"Aye, sir—broken!"

Gordon nodded. There was little to do but wait for Merrilies to report the condition of the hull below decks. Order had come thru executive control. The men were quiet and waiting at their posts. Now that it was a rock, and not a submarine, the excitement of the gunners subsided.

"She's leaking, sir, but not badly," Merrilies reported. "If the sea remains calm we'll not be in any danger."

"How's the wireless? If that's working send a call to the Wilson. She can't be far away."

The wireless was intact, and the air was soon vibrating with the S. O. S. call, which the Wilson picked up and answered.

There was nothing to do then but wait until daylight and the appearance of the other destroyer. Merrilies remained on the bridge with Gordon, his face and eyes showing the strain of the trouble. Gordon was the quieter and least affected of the two. He looked at the young lieutenant and smiled.

"The responsibility is all mine, Merrilies," he said in a friendly voice. "I had charge when the accident happened."

"But it was Lieutenant Borden's watch," murmured Merrilies, referring to the junior officer who had been excused by Gordon.

"I took his place. He was not to blame. No, I shall assume full responsibility. None of the rest of you are to blame."

"But Higgins was at the wheel," said Merrilies.

"But he was taking his sailing directions from me," replied Gordon.

The eyes of the executive officer lighted up with frank admiration. He suddenly caught Gordon's hand and squeezed it warmly. "I'm sorry, sir," he murmured.

"Thank you, Merrilies."

It was the beginning of daybreak when the Wilson was sighted steaming toward them. She came out of the mist like a phantom ship, her wireless repeatedly asking if the Jacob Brown was sinking, and promising speedy relief.

Fifteen minutes later she came to a stop a few hundred yards away, and the commander boarded the shipwreck in the small boat. Already acquainted with the nature of the accident by wireless, he nevertheless wanted to investigate with his own eyes and incidentally to show his sympathy for the unfortunate navigator.

"I didn't know there was any rock off here," he remarked finally after Gordon had explained everything. "It's not down on the chart."

"Well, it's there," smiled Gordon. "We have pretty good evidence of it."

The other nodded, and then smiled. "That will make it easier for you—the fault in the chart," he added.

"Perhaps. But I have no intention of evading responsibility. I should have been further out. The court will hold that I had no business running so far inshore on a dark night when there wasn't any special need of it."

The commander of the Wilson made no reply, but nodded his head gravely. He understood the stern code of the Navy and the relentless character of investigating boards. It had to be so to keep up the discipline.

"I've wirelessed to Barranquilla that I would stand by you," he said finally. "They'll have a wrecking tug out here in a few hours. Anything more I can do?"

"No, thank you. I'll wait for orders from the Admiral."

A navy wrecking tug appeared shortly before noon, and tried to pull the destroyer off the rock; but fear of breaking the thin hull in two soon caused them to suspend operations. Divers went down to examine the skin to see if it was severely damaged or strained at any point.

Gordon left the ship in charge of Merrilies and retired to his cabin. A written report of the accident would be demanded of him, and he wished to prepare it undisturbed. There was nothing he could do to retrieve the loss now that the wrecking crew was in control.

A wry smile curled his lips, and for a long time he sat there gazing at the collection of photographs Wesley had scattered around the walls of the cabin. They seemed to mock him. All he needed was a picture of Judith to complete the row of condemning faces.

"I must clear Wes," he murmured finally. "That's the least I can do." He walked the floor a few moments in silence. "A clean breast of the whole crazy, idiotic trick," he added.

He stopped before a photograph of his brother and gazed at it in silence. A grin spread over his face. "It will give some of the old fogies a shock," he murmured. "They won't get over it for an age—kidnaping a destroyer and going to sea with it, crew and all!"

The fancy appealed to him, and he chuckled in spite of the seriousness of the affair. Once more he turned and paced back and forth in the narrow quarters. "But how shall I word it?" he questioned himself, frowning.

His deep sense of respect for his profession precluded any light or jocular treatment of the subject. Finally, he sat down, and began a formal report to the Admiral, detailing his experiences from the hour he left Barranquilla until the destroyer struck the rock. It was an impeccable report from the standpoint of the navy code, and when it was signed Gordon leaned back with a sigh and gazed up at the ceiling.

The easiest part of his task was completed. The supplemental report, or confession, was what bothered him. In the first he had exonerated Merrilies and all the other officers from blame. In the second he had to save Wesley from all suspicion of complicity.

He outlined the confession in his own mind. He would begin by a little fiction, straining a point or two in telling how he had overpowered Wesley and bound and gagged him in a lonely part of the coast. He stopped. Where was Wes? What had he done in the meantime? Would he be bright enough to back up his little fiction without understanding the details?

No, he had to communicate with him so their stories would hang together. He thought of Polly, and dismissed her from mind. She was too unreliable. Judith was the one to carry a message to Matapalo and deliver it to Wesley. She would stand loyally by him.

With his mind thus made up, the work of writing the confession was simpler. He scrawled and scratched away until it was finished. Then pinning it to his official report for the Admiral, he inclosed them in an envelope and sealed it. The other message for Wes he put in another envelope.

When he got on deck again Merrilies met him with a message in his hand. "A wireless to report to the flagship, sir," he said, handing the paper to him. "The Wilson will take you there."

"All right, Merrilies. I've finished my report, and you don't have to worry. I've exonerated everybody aboard except myself."

"Thank you, sir."

Ten minutes later he was aboard the Wilson speeding back to Barranquilla, which the afternoon before he had left in such high spirits. Now he was returning, with disgrace and imprisonment hanging over his head.

"You Knew Me Then!" He Gasped.

The thought of imprisonment was the bitterest part of his punishment. It galled him to consider it. His was not the spirit to accept confinement meekly. Better banishment to lonely Matapalo than prison walls for months and years. He thought of Hedrin and Bobby Bryce, and of the lonely cable station on the edge of the swamp, and suddenly it seemed like a paradise.

"Why'd I ever leave it for this fool adventure?" he reasoned with himself.

The Admiral was ashore and not on the flagship when he arrived. He turned his report over to the commander of the battleship and idly waited for the Admiral's return. The thought of delivering the letter for Wesley to Judith, with instructions how to find him, suddenly changed his mind. Instead of waiting for the Admiral why not go ashore and hunt up Judith?

He asked for and received permission to go ashore for a few hours when assured the Admiral would not return before evening. There was some litle business of a private nature he wished to attend to, a few purchases to make, and letters to write.

He went ashore in the navy launch, and immediately hunted up an old boatman, who agreed to take him out to Polly's yacht for a good price. His one dread was that Polly would make herself so omnipresent that he couldn't find an opportunity to speak with Judith alone.

Fortune, however, was with him this time, for when he stepped on deck he learned that Polly had gone ashore and Judith was resting in her cabin. Eager to settle the matter before Polly returned, he sent an urgent request to see Miss Grenville at once. She appeared in a surprisingly short time, her eyes betraying concern and alarm.

"What is it, Wes?" she asked, noting his agitation.

Gordon glanced around to make sure they were alone, and then folding his arms and smiling at her said: "Not Wesley, but Gordon."

She was less surprised than he had anticipated. Indeed, her eyes neither flickered nor wavered. She appeared no more concerned than if he had passed an ordinary remark on the weather.

"Yes, I'm Gordon Mason—the absconder and deserter, masquerading as my brother," he added, wishing to clear up any misunderstanding at the very beginning.

Judith nodded, and to his surprise said: "Yes, I knew it, Gordon."

"You knew it? How?"

She smiled at the bewilderment in his eyes. "You're the perfect image of Wesley," she replied slowly, "with your hair dyed, but—but—Why, Gordon, did you think you could deceive a woman so easily? You forget that voices have a subtle difference that—that is hard to conceal. Years ago I used to close my eyes when you two were together to see if I could distinguish you apart by your voices. Of course, it was easy—very simple. Then, besides," smiling mischievously, "you were not a very good actor yesterday. It was surprising to me that Polly was so easily deceived."

"You knew me then?" he gasped.

"The moment you spoke, Gordon," she answered.

His amazement and chagrin amused her. Then growing serious again, she added: "But where is Wes? Has anything serious happened to him? I've been puzzled and worried to death."

"No, Wes is safe, or at least he was when I saw him last. He's at Matapalo—the cable station up the coast—anybody can tell you where it is—and you must take this letter to him. Will you do it for my—or for Wes' sake? It's important, Judith, very important!"

"I'll go as soon as I can get ready—before Polly returns. I suppose you don't want to let her know."

"No," he replied eagerly. "She'd—she'd spoil everything."

"Yes, Polly is a little—indiscreet."

Gordon drew a sigh of relief when the letter was in her possession. She concealed it in her bosom, and turned to him with anxiety and concern in her eyes.

"Has anything happened, Gordon?" she asked gently.

"No—yes—I ran the Jacob Brown on a rock," he replied grimly. "That's why I want you to get that letter to Wes before—before the investigation—and—and court-martial!"

Wanted upon a charge of running a destroyer upon a rock, Gordon flees after fixing matters so Wesley is exonerated. He becomes a stowaway on a ship bound for the United States. At sea a U-boat fires on the ship. Gordon is knocked into the sea. He swims to the U-boat, and while the crew is on deck he enters the conning tower and locks out the crew, capturing the submarine. The next and last installment, replete with thrills, tells what happens. It will appear in the next issue of the Ledger.

* * *

Doing His Duty.

Jimmy had been coaxing his mother all day for some of the new jam that she had made, and in order to discourage him she tried to tell him that it did not turn out well and that she would have to give it to the little dog, Toodles, next door. A few hours later she found him in a corner of the pantry, all smeared up with the jam and the jar half empty. In answer to his mother's questions as to what he was doing he said: "Toodles don't like jam, and I know that Hoober says you mustn't frow anything away, so I thought I would eat it."

* * *

Object Lesson in Temperance.

"I," said the temperance man, "strongly object to the custom of christening ships with champagne."

"I don't," replied the other man. "I think there's a temperance lesson in it."

"How can that be?"

"Well, immediately after the first bottle of wine the ship takes to water, and sticks to it ever after."

A Slacker's Fate After the War

By William F. Ross

He shirked his duty when his country needed him and when the time came that he needed help he found he had no place in the world. A glimpse of the future.

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GEORGE GAUTIER rushed into the private office of the firm with the air of one who bids defiance to everything in general and subordinates in particular.

"Now, see here, Mr. Smith," he blurted, and his fist landed on the desk of the individual he was addressing. "That cork-legged, glass-eyed, scarred-face bookkeeper who just started to work has either got to leave or my services end in the next twenty-four hours!"

Gautier was 29 years of age and had been in the service of Smith Bros. Manufacturing Co., the largest of its kind in New Orleans, for seven years; the last two of them he had been serving in the capacity of head bookkeeper. In this capacity he had served the firm well, and this sudden outburst of rage caused a look of amazement to come into the eyes of the president. Gautier had formed an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Smith, and always, when that important individual addressed him it was a personal "George."

"Well George, you surprise me—what is wrong?" asked Mr. Smith in a somewhat soothing way.

"Simply this," began Gautier; "first thing off the reel comes this self-opinionated, hot-headed bunch of ignorance to this place and gets a job simply on the strength of the fact that he was in Europe during the world war. The next thing on the program, he starts in to try his smooth tongue on all of us about some of his heroism while over there. With two or three brass medals and his boastful tongue he seems to have made quite an impression on some of the office force who seem to believe his boasted heroism—he's a real braggart. That was about all I could stand; and now he's trying to run the whole office." He paused, then went on: "So now I draw the line—he goes or I go."

"What do you mean, 'trying to run the whole office?'" Smith asked.

"I mean just what I say. Yesterday I gave him notice to get to work on the Wainwright order, and when I spoke to him of it a while ago he told me he had never found time to start on it, and that if I wanted it in such a hurry to go at it myself. In numerous other ways he shows his bull-headedness—now I'm tired of it."

But Howard Smith was not a man to jump at conclusions. Philip Benton had applied to him for a position in the office and he had found a place for him. That was a week before. He had found out from Benton all he wished to know of the applicant's history. Benton had been only a common workingman and had volunteered just after the United States entered the great war. He had been wounded in action by the fragments from a bursting shell, which had deprived him of an eye and a leg and had given him a scar on his left cheek which would mark him for life. The Government had placed him in a training school for disabled soldiers and he had received training that fitted him to perform whatever duties would be required of him in the capacity of bookkeeper.

Smith fingered his hair as if in thought and unconscious of Gautier's presence. Then he spoke:

"Go back and send Benton to me. In the meantime make up your mind not to be so sensitive."

"Very well," replied Gautier. "But remember what I said is final—Benton goes or I go."

Five minutes later Philip Benton stood before the president.

"Did you wish to see me, Mr. Smith?" queried the young man.

"Have a seat," replied Smith.

The young man sat directly facing the head of the firm.

"What is wrong between you and Gautier?"

"As far as I am concerned, there is nothing," answered Benton.

"He tells me you will not obey any orders he gives you—you know that you are to do as he directs, I suppose?"

"You mean——"

"I mean that you are under his orders, to do as he directs. He tells me you are away behind with your work, and that when he mentioned the fact to you you answered him insultingly."

"But, Mr. Smith, Gautier is crowding me with more work than I can possibly do. It looks to me as if he wants to scare me away. I confess I answered him rather harshly concerning the Wainwright order; but under the circumstances I could not help it."

The president eyed him for a moment, then asked: "You say that present circumstances caused you to give vent to anger?"

Benton nodded.

"Then may I ask you what these present circumstances are?"

"Mr. Smith," Benton spoke earnestly, "it is the age-old story of jealousy. Miss Lucille seems interested in my stories of the war which ended three months ago. As you know, I was a participant in this war, and when I make mention of the conflict in her presence she always appears interested.

"Gautier has never tried to conceal the fact that he is interested in Miss Lucille; and I believe he dislikes the interest she shows in me. I am sure Gautier wants me to leave here, and he is overcrowding me with work with that purpose in view."

Benton looked straight into Smtih's eyes as Smith spoke.

"You may return to your work, Benton. If I need you further I will call you."

Just as Benton got outside the door Smith pulled the telephone to him and called for Jones, the manager.

Miss Lucille McElwee, a stenographer, had been with the firm almost three years. During that time her acquaintance with Gautier had grown into friendship. But this friendship had never been other than ordinary; that is, so far as she was concerned. But Gautier had taken another view of their friendship—he thought he loved her. She was a very lovable young lady; very modest, but always friendly and in the best of spirits. Gautier had at one time asked her to marry him. But that was all.

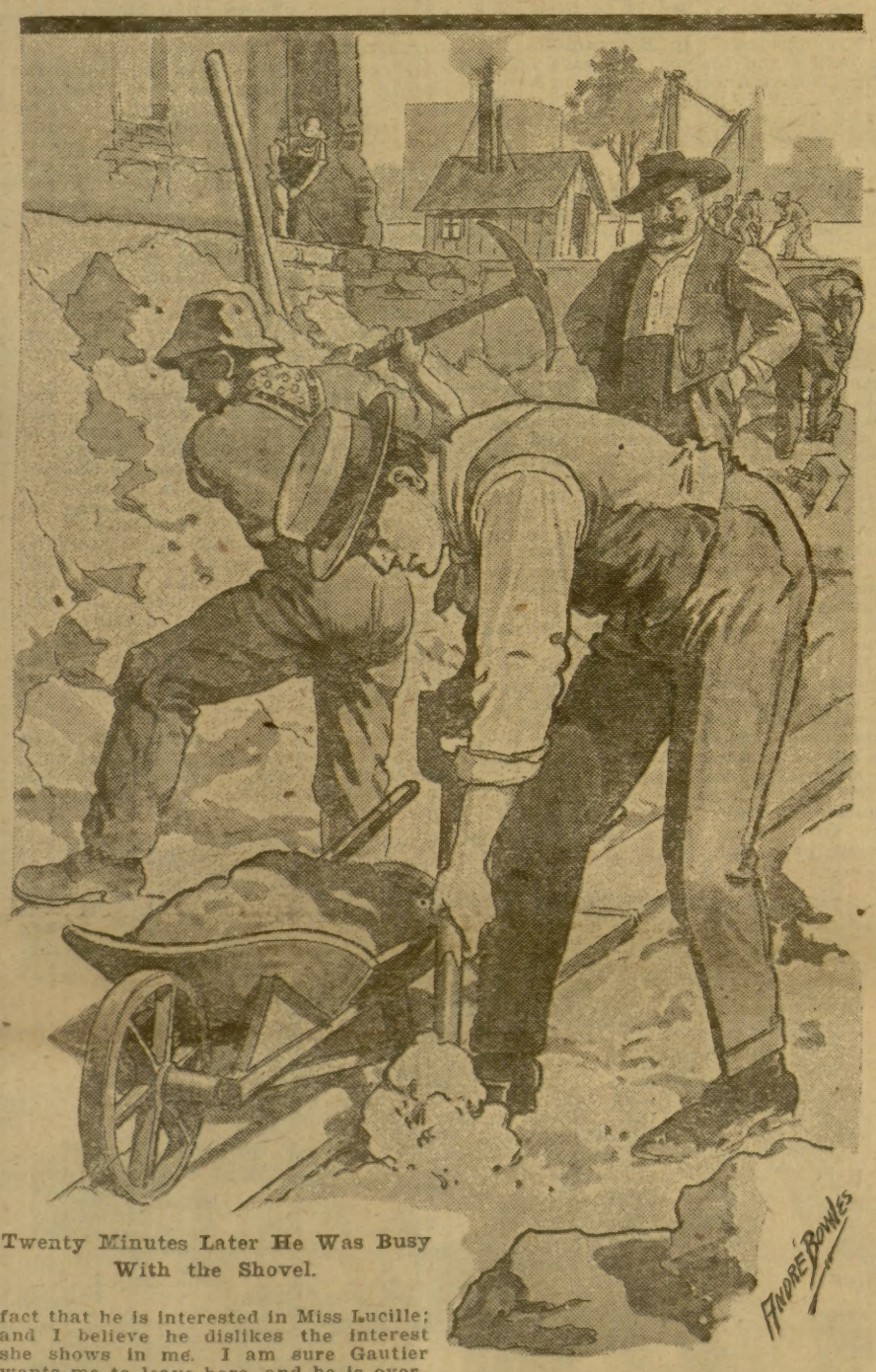
When the United States declared war on Germany, one by one the office force had volunteered until only Gautier remained. This action on his part caused the young lady to mentally class him as a slacker—and she could not bear a slacker; for wasn't she doing her bit by knitting for the soldiers in her spare moments?

After the war had been in progress a year Gautier was still in the office.

Miss Lucille wondered why he did not volunteer. Even the Tuscania incident did not seem to arouse his patriotism!

Arriving at the office one morning somewhat earlier than usual, she found only Gautier had arrived before her.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "did you notice the paper this morning where the Germans had torpedoed another hospital ship?"



Twenty Minutes Later He Was Busy With the Shovel.

"I did not read it all," he said. "I just noticed the headline."

"Well George, I wish I were a man—just think of those poor wounded soldiers being blown to bits!"

She had given him a broad hint which missed its mark, for Gautier never did get into the Army—even the draft missed him.

From that on, Miss Lucille wondered if she could ever be the wife of a "slacker."

"No, not me," she said to herself. "I would never marry a coward."

Time passed. With the ending of the war events of a new order were happening. People were cheering the arrival of soldiers and sailors who had been "over there."

Then the memorable morning had come when Philip Benton had gone to work as bookkeeper. When he walked he limped just a little; by close scrutiny one could discern an artificial eye; but the scar on his face was prominent, but not enough to disfigure it to a great degree.

"Ah! There's a patriot," Miss Lucille told herself upon learning Benton had come thru the war. And that same spirit of patriotism began to draw the two young people to a closer friendship.

Gautier saw what was happening and determined to get Benton at least out of the office. So he set about to discourage him and make him leave, and failing in this he would have him discharged.

Jones entered the president's office.

"Sit down for a few minutes, Jones," said Smith.

Jones seated himself in the chair just made vacant by Benton.

"Tell me, Jones," began Smith; "do you know anything detrimental to young Benton concerning his duties here?"

Jones appeared thoughtful for a brief space. "Why, no," he said. Then as a thought loomed before him: "But, see here, Mr. Smith, Gautier spoke to me this morning of Benton's conduct and asked me to see after the matter. I told him to pass the matter up for the present. Later, I examined Benton's desk and found that Gautier is crowding him with more work than is necessary——"

Smith stopped him.

"You mean that it appears that Gautier is trying to make him leave?"

"Exactly," replied Jones. "You see, Benton is a clever fellow, and after work hours he relates incidents of the late war. All members of the office force are interested, but Gautier don't like it—he calls Benton a braggart."

Smith almost raised from his chair. "That will do," he said. "Have Gautier come to me at once. In the meantime have his check made out."

Five minutes later Gautier stood before the president.

"Well, George, as much I regret the matter, I must inform you that I will not wait twenty-four hours for your resignation," said Smith.

Gautier paled and grew stiff.

Smith continued: "Your resignation is demanded, and immediately. A check for your services to date is awaiting you—Jones will give it to you."

"But, Mr. Smith——"

"Never mind any ceremony, George," broke in Smith. "I understand all I wish to know. It does not matter to me what your personal feelings toward Benton are, but I have investigated and found that he is competent and performs his duties well. Furthermore, I would never dishonor the name of the firm by discharging a hero of the world war— especially a capable young man like Benton."

"Then I bid you adieu, Mr. Smith. I am sure my services will be valued by some other firm," said Gautier, and left the office.

One hour later Gautier was in his room.

"Well, I guess I need the rest anyway," he told himself as he tossed his coat on the bed. "I might just as well spend a month or so seeing what the country looks like."

He arose from a chair in which he had just sat down, and walked to the window.

"D—n that Benton! But for him I'd still be in the office. But now—oh, well, there's other places looking for men of my caliber. But I swear it's h—l to have Lucille turned against me by that insignificant cur."

Next morning Gautier purchased a ticket at the Union station for Chicago. He had saved a little money and now he thought he would enjoy life—for a while anyway.

But the price of things came high, and money went fast; and after being away almost three months, Gautier was back in New Orleans.

"Twelve dollars and thirty cents—and no job," Gautier said to himself next morning after arriving in New Orleans. "But that doesn't matter, I'll have a place before night."

He left the rooming-house on St. Charles avenue and walked toward Canal street. He met a newsboy and got the morning paper. When he had gone as far as Lee Circle, he selected a bench which was shaded from the early morning sun, and sat down.

"Now I will see who needs clerical help," he said as he turned the pages of the paper to the "classified department." He scanned down the column and saw an "ad" which real:

Wanted—A bookkeeper. One with several years experience preferred. Good salary to right man. Apply to manager, Peoples Gas Co.

"Gee, that's luck!" he said as he hastened up Howard avenue toward Baronne street. "Peoples Gas Co.—big concern—only five blocks away." He looked at his watch. "Seven-forty-five, and they open at eight," he said.

Arriving there he found the office open but no applicants had arrived, neither had the manager. He seated himself at the entrance to the manager's office. Fifteen minutes later an individual with his left arm missing, came in. Gautier found that the new arrival was also an applicant for the position. Ten minutes later the manager arrived.

Gautier had arrived first, so he had the privilege to see the manager first.

"My name is Gautier—I'm answering your 'ad' for a bookkeeper."

"Have a seat," said the manager.

Gautier obeyed.

"Where did you work last?" queried the manager.

"Smith Brothers Manufacturing Company""

"How long?"

"Seven years."

"Were you in the service of the United States during the late war?"

Gautier paled.

"Why—er—no," he replied.

"Then there's no use to come here. We are giving our vacancies as they occur

to men who have served their country."

Gautier could say nothing. He arose and went out. He paused outside the door as the other applicant entered. He heard the manager ask him the same questions he had been asked. The other applicant was given the job!

Gautier left the building in haste.

"Humph! That's strange," he told himself. "But I don't suppose every place has fallen under that 'patriotic delusion.'"

But he was wrong. Two other "ads" led him to as many places in the same week. Each time he had missed the job for not being a returned soldier.

He was beginning to wish he had enlisted.

"Might just as well have gone and stood the chance of being killed as to be looked on with contempt," he said to himself one day.

Failing in his attempt to get a position thru the advertisements, Gautier resolved to make application for vacancies which might occur later. He made a trip to a furniture company's office. Here he was given an application blank to be filled out by the applicant and witnessed.

He had answered several questions on the blank when he came to some which read thus:

Did you see service in the late war? —— How long? ——

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed. Who would have thought that I, George Gautier, would ever come to this?"

He turned, but saw no one looking his way; then he carefully dropped the unfinished blank in the wastebasket.

"Far better would it have been to have died a hero on the field of battle than live and be branded a slacker," he thought as he left the building.

Two weeks of fruitless search for employment found Gautier penniless and heart-sick. La Fayette square had become his daily habitat. There he spent the day—reading a while, then laying the paper aside to mentally frame some plan for his future.

Sunday morning found him with less to do. Bright and early he made his way toward the square. On the way down he met Eugene Carter, the office boy he had known at the Smith Brothers firm.

"Hello, there, Mr. George!" the boy hailed. "Where you been so long?"

"Why, hello, Gene," replied Gautier in uneven tones. "I've been in Chicago most of the time. How's everything at the office?"

"Oh, very well," replied the youngster. "Oh, say! I suppose you know that Miss Lucille and Mr. Benton were married last Sunday?"

Gautier shuddered—another jolt. Not that he thought he would ever have hopes for her as his wife. But how it stung to hear that Philip Benton was the lucky one!

"No," he said. "This is news to me."

"Yes, sir, they were married last Sunday," assured the boy.

"I am leaving for Chicago tomorrow," Gautier lied. "Give my regards to the boys."

"All right, Mr. George; good luck to you."

Ten minutes later Gautier had borrowed the morning paper from a stranger who was seated in the square. There were no calls for office help in the paper that morning. He was without money and the grave fact confronted him that he had to go to work. It made no difference what kind of work—he had to have work!

He studied the "ads" closely when his eyes fell on this one:

Laborers Wanted—White or colored, for excavation work on new building at corner Rampart and Magnolia streets. See superintendent between six and seven Monday morning.

"That's the kind of work Benton did before he joined the Army," he mused.

Monday morning found Gautier in the line of applicants for work where the new building was to be erected. Twenty minutes later he was busily engaged with a shovel.

It was after the war—the order of things had changed.

Hoped She Would.

HE WAS a proper professional conjurer, and after proceeding to get the audience under his spell, he commenced in real earnest.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a wave of the hand, "this is the magic cabinet. I invite any lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. I will then close the door, and when it shall be opened again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

There was an impressive silence until a little, undersized man in the second row turned to an enormous woman who sat by him, and breathed eagerly:

"Maria, dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?"

Capable of Speed.

"I WANT you to help me to spend my fortune."

"Am I not doing so?"

"No; I mean for ever and ever."

"Oh. It won't take me as long as that."

Pa's Non-Society Son-In-Law

By P. G. Gunnison

Mother had high ambitions for Belva, but when a young woman steals a young man's picture to spoon over it, she has ideas of her own about who she will wed

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SITTING alone in their country home, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford were silent an unusually long time. Mr. Bradford was reading the paper, or pretending to read it, while Mrs. Bradford rocked her chair discontentedly.

They had been discussing the week end visit of young George Buchanan, architect and builder, at the invitation of their son Robert, and Mrs. Bradford was displeased that Mr. Bradford had not condemned it.

"There will be trouble," she prophesied.

"Tut, tut," replied Mr. Bradford. "Belva is no more in love with Buchanan than she is with the man in the moon."

Mrs. Bradford ceased rocking. "Then she is in love with the man in the moon," she exclaimed. "When a girl temporarily steals a young man's photograph from her brother's room to secretly spoon with it, she is in love."

Mr. Bradford laughed. "But she scarcely knows him," he said. "I do not think she has met him but once."

"O, hasn't she!" cried Mrs. Bradford. "Well, that is all you know about it. she met him four times in the city and has dined with him—and Bob. She told me so."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Bradford. "But that does not prove anything serious. And Buchanan is not so terrible."

"But I have other plans for Belva," stated Mrs. Bradford. "I do not wish her to make a fool of herself like——"

Remembering that it was she who incited their eldest daughter to "make a fool of herself," she checked her speech and began to rock her chair more vigorously.

"Like Mary," finished Mr. Bradford, smiling slyly. "Yes, Mary did make a fool of herself; but she is a howling success. Only yesterday Cyril borrowed a few thousands from me to put over some society stunt. Who have you in mind for Belva?"

"Mr. Bissell admires her," she ventured.

"Cyrus Augustus Bissell! Regular swell, isn't he."

"He is received everywhere; and he is so well connected. His mother was a Van Tissingford."

Mr. Bradford plebeianly scratched his chin. "What business is he in?" he asked.

"I do not think he has a business—now," said Mrs. Bradford. "He has an income; something like ten thousand, I think. But his standing makes up for the shortage."

"I see," murmured Mr. Bradford. "And there is a difference, isn't there, between him and Buchanan. Buchanan has to work for a living. At the present time I do not think he has a hundred dollars to his name—all sunk in a job he is working on. Comparatively he is a pauper."

"And You Would Support Her on Love, I Suppose, for I Know That Your Bank Account Is Nil."

Mrs. Bradford lifted her eyes in dismay. "Terrible," she breathed. "And to think of Belva falling in love with such a man. We simply must keep them apart. We must."

"Hish-sh-sh," warned Mr. Bradford.

Turning her head in the wrong direction, Mrs. Bradford failed to see the slim figure creeping up behind her. A second later two arms encircled her neck and warm lips kissed her upon the cheek.

"There!" cried Belva, "didn't I surprise you?"

Mrs. Bradford glanced quickly about as tho she expected Buchanan to surprise her also. Then she surveyed her daughter in mute disapproval. Miss Belva was "all dolled up." She looked very lovely. Mr. Buchanan evidently thought so, judging his thoughts by the admiration in his eyes when he entered the room a moment later. Following the direction of his ardent glances, Mr. Bradford came suddenly to realize that his slim, brown-eyed girl was almost a woman—old enough to experience an enduring love. His wife gave him little opportunity to study her inclinations, or those of Buchanan. Skillfully maneuvering thruout the evening, she tactfully obstructed their approaches and kept them upon generalities with no chance for personal by-play. In fact love was gracefully and effectively hobbled.

Mr. Bradford complimented her upon her generalship, and she tossed her head and called their affair "calf love." Imagine, then, her surprise to find Buchanan and Belva seated upon the front porch the next morning contentedly basking in the sun and as happy as thrushlings. Momentarily bereft of diplomacy, and proffering an obviously poor excuse, she called Belva inside and left Buchanan to think about it.

Buchanan whistled in astonishment. Then, with his hands thrust in his pockets, he went off to find Bob at the garage, while Mrs. Bradford, within the sanctuary of her own bedroom, read the riot act to Belva. At luncheon she told Buchanan that Belva had a headache. He expressed regrets, and said he was going to take a hike in the country during the afternoon; and he hoped Miss Belva would be able to appear for dinner.

Mrs. Bradford's fears were slightly allayed. She thought that it might not be serious after all—on his part. With a sigh of relief she watched him trudge away late in the afternoon. Some one else watched him with a sigh of regret.

Hazel eyes and brown hair and a bewitching face saw him turn aside into a bypath that led to an arbor. And the owner of that face suddenly remembered she had once told him she often visited that arbor to sit and read upon the rustic bench outside of it.

Her eyes glowed warmly, questioningly, joyously. Why had he gone there? She laughed—and she knew—and she wouldn't tell. But she drew a stolen photograph from beneath a soft pillow and studied it intently. Then she put it back, startled. Some one was at the door. The knob turned, and a little girl entered—aged six—the daughter of her mother's housekeeper.

"Why, Eunice!" Belva exclaimed.

"Your papa said that fresh air would help your headache," stated Miss Eunice, "and your mother said for me to take a walk with you."

"And where shall we go?" asked Belva. Then—inspired by the answer of an inner voice as insistent as any of the daring voices which had led her father over dangerous shoals into the harbor of success—she exclaimed: "I know where." And taking little Miss Eunice by the hand, they followed the path trod by Buchanan.

Buchanan saw them coming and dodged into the arbor where he hid, believing himself unseen. Miss Belva smiled. He was trapped. They sat down upon the rustic bench and began to talk, interestedly.

"Eunice," asked Belva, "are you ever going to marry?"

Little Miss Eunice smiled shyly. She thought Belva was joking. Finding her seemingly serious, she twisted her thumbs and squirmed her small body in confessed embarrassment. "I think I am," she finally admitted.

"Then," pursued Belva, "what kind of a husband are you going to have?"

Miss Six Years pondered. "What kind do you want," she countered.

Miss Nineteen replied without pondering. "He must be at least five feet ten," she said; "neither stout nor lean, but clean built, muscular and with light eyes."

"But I like brown eyes," protested Six Years.

"Mercy!" cried Belva; "what a queer choice. I like gray eyes the best. And he must be at least 25, generous-hearted, even-tempered, honorable, and he must love me. Eunice, he just must, or I'll not marry him."

"Of course not," Eunice agreed. "And he must be rich."

"Nonsense!" scornfully exclaimed Belva. "Don't you know that love is better than riches? Tho I will say he ought to be a good business man, like—well like Mr. Buchanan. Do you know him?"

Eunice sprang to her feet in alarm. "Listen," she whispered. "Some one is in the arbor."

A crash followed her excited exclamation. Mr. Buchanan had fallen from an insecure resting place near a peephole, and as he struck the ground his grunt sounded somewhat like a groan.

"Tramps!" shouted Belva. "Run!" And little Miss Eunice fled in terrified alarm.

Midway between the arbor and the house she met Mr. Bradford, to whom she told the astounding story. Laughing at her fears, he sent her to the house. Then—with some divination of who the tramp might be—he debouched and approached the arbor from the opposite side. He saw Mr. Buchanan and his daughter locked in fond embrace.

"Ahem!" he coughed.

They flew apart as effectively as tho separated by a German bomb. Shrinking, and with scarlet face and drooping eyes, but unafraid, Belva drew a step back behind Buchanan. And Buchanan, caught in the act, faced the consequences manfully. He respectfully waited for Mr. Bradford to speak.

"I presume, sir, "said Mr. Bradford,

(Continued on Page 27.)

You Never Can Tell

By Tudor Jenks

[Copyright.]

WE THOUGHT our office was keyed up to a high pitch before she arrived. We looked upon the "Old Man"—the Boss—as one of the toppers. He discharged one very nice girl for putting powder on the end of a very nice nose during a hot day when we all thought her justified in her plea: "But, Mr. Bunker, no girl likes to have her nose look shiny!"

He also rebuked one of our most skilled bookkeepers for saying, "D—n that blot!" tho it was his first offense; and our employer was (we understood) prominent in various benevolent and church organizations.

Yet when "The Elevator" was installed, we began to wonder whether we had not been leading an unreformed and unregenerate existence, even under the Old Man's strict regime. If he approached the limit, she lapped over its edges.

"The Elevator" was the nickname given her by the office boy, Jimmy Crierson, after her first two days as Mr Bunker's private secretary and stenographer. We of the outside offices thought her a very nice-looking addition to the force; but Jimmy, who ran in and out of the boss' private room, was the first to know anything definite about her, and his reports grew worse, and worse, as time elapsed.

I believed he offered her some chewing gum, only to be told that she "certainly would in no way countenance a habit so contrary to good breeding!" Then I, as chief clerk, told her that I hoped she would enjoy the work in our offices; and was reminded that "work must not be viewed from the standpoint of enjoyment, but from that of its value to the welfare of others, and its opportunity for self-discipline"—whereupon I remarked: "Yes, indeed, Miss Tomlins; you're right, of course," and retired to my own corner lost in thought.

At the end of the second day, Jimmy came out of the inner office wearing the expression of Raphael's southwest cherub, and reported to my desk that Miss Tomlins was going to "elevate the tone of the office."

"How do you mean?" I asked, uneasily.

"She's requested that Old Bunker should fire these out," and Jimmy produced from under his arm some calendars, containing pictures of attractive young ladies. "She said she'd like to have some pictures 'of a higher moral tone,'" observed Jimmy. And the Boss fell for it."

"What did he say?"

"He highly commended her most praiseworthy effort," Jimmy answered. "He did, for a fact—in these very words, and he is going to get some new junk—'Milly's Angels' was one."

"Millet's Angelus?" I inquired.

"Sure—I guess so. And she said she thought it would 'elevate the tone of the office.' So we're in for it, Mr. Welles; you might as well prepare yourself for the 'Elevator.'"

That's the way Miss Tomlins got her nickname, and she certainly lived up to it. One day I was called in to see the Old Man, and after some little awkwardness, he politely gave me to understand that he would appreciate it if I would not "give myself quite the latitude I did in regard to garish neckties!"

"Of course, it's a matter of personal taste, Mr. Welles," he said, seriously, "and one in which an employer can hardly do more than suggest. But we (this was a slip he didn't notice) believe that the whole office should give an impression of the highest tone, even in small matters; for these things speak of the life within—and the public gets its idea——" and so on until I lost the drift.

"All right, sir," I said. "This was a present from my Cousin Harriet, and she doesn't quite suit my taste in ties, anyway. I'll chuck it."

"Thank you," said Mr. Bunker. "If you will discard it——"

"Abandon?" suggested Miss Tomlins.

"Much better," agreed the Old Man. "If you will abandon extravagant hues, it will be highly approved, Mr. Welles. We must set a high standard for ourselves!"

"Certainly," I agreed, and withdrew, keeping my temper till I was outside the door—when I made some subdued remarks that would have evoked shrieks from the "Elevator."

So it went on. Loud talking was "neither business like nor refined." The ink bottles had to shine like the copper kettle of a Dutch housewife. If you did not have your boots polished, you were a pariah. Three minutes' tardiness was a sin.

From being a pleasant place to work the office gradually improved until it was as homelike as an old-fashioned New England parlor, kept for funerals and various other affairs. I didn't mind it so very much myself, for I did my cussing under my breath, but I was sorry for Jean Nisbet, the other stenographer.

Jean was a jolly little thing, and full of fun. Everybody had a good word for her, and Jimmy could borrow a quarter from her most any day he was short—which was often, he being a regular Bildad the Shumite for shortness.

She Certainly Would in No Way Countenance a Habit So Contrary to Good Breeding.

After the "Elevator" had got the office strained up to full concert pitch, she had a talk with Jean—for which the latter returned flushed and angry.

"What's the trouble, Jean?" I asked.

"I won't tell you!" she snapped, and retired to her desk.

"Oh, come on!" I persisted. "If the 'Elevator' has bothered you I'll box her big ears!" This was an artful touch, for Miss Tomlins' ears were generous, to some degree—and I was very fond of Jean; indeed, especially so.

"She's a—a cat!" said Jean bitterly.

"What's up?" I insisted.

"She says," Jean broke out, "that I—that I—have got to wear high-necked waists! The cat!"

"Ye gods!" I broke out, for I was mad, too. "You don't mean to say she thinks there's anything out of the way——"

"She says," Jean went on, mimicking her, "that Mr. Bunker 'would prefer that there should be no occasion for criticism in the costume of any employee'—Oh, she makes me sick!"

"Me, too," I agreed. "Just because she's a scrawny old——"

"Well—I can't give up my place, and so I suppose I can fix up something. But it's insulting!" and she sobbed.

"She can't insult you, my dear," I said affectionately. "The darned old——"

Here the door opened and Mr. Bunker came out, so I stopped, remembering that the tone of the office must be preserved. But when he was safely on his way home, I resumed my talk with Jean, and finally consoled her into a fixed belief that nothing Miss Tomlins could say would very long postpone the day when we could carry out some plans neither she nor Mr. Bunker had any suspicions of—plans that lay very near our hearts.

So we consented to bear in silence the distressingly high tone of the office until the happy day came when we should give the whole thing the go-by, and wear such ties and shirtwaists as we chose.

Meanwhile Miss Tomlins became more and more indispensable to the Boss. Most of the business was transacted thru her, and once Jimmy came out saying in an awe-stricken voice:

"Gosh! The Old Man called her Theresa!" whereupon he retired to his desk and chewed gum in silent dismay.

So things went on for about two months. And then one day Theresa Tomlins was not at her usual place when the clock pointed to 8:45.

We thought she must have met with some serious accident. It was unheard of. Until it was nine o'clock—the Old Man's hour—we wondered and discussed her absence in apprehensive tones, remembering how she had insisted that "tardiness in business was a form of thieving." But when Mr. Bunker arrived we should be compelled regretfully to report her absence.

He entered his office at once, and rang his bell.

Jean went in and reported that Miss Tomlins had not appeared.

"Strange!" remarked Mr. Bunker, "you had better telephone her."

"What is her address?" asked Jean.

Mr. Bunker gave the address and Jean came out and tried to call her up. Jean seemed to have some trouble in getting an answer.

I stood by and listened, and finally I heard Jean say:

"Gone! Without leaving any word?"

Then Jean's face changed as she heard the answer. It was half dismay and half triumph that I saw in her expression.

"You say she's skipped the bill?"

Then came a long answer, and Jean hung up the receiver.

"Oh, Victor," said Jean to me, "the scamp has skipped out from her boarding house, owing them a lot of money! And they don't know anything about her!"

"The deuce she has!" said I. "Well, when Old Bunker hears——"

Just then the door of the inner office opened and the Old Man came out, looking decidedly fussed and worried. He came over to the telephone, and asked us:

"Well—what did you hear?"

So I told him what we had heard; and he looked even worse, but made no comment. He hurried back into the office, forgetting to close the door, and we saw him working over his safe—apparently trying to get the combination. But in a few minutes he gave it up, and came back to my desk.

"Welles," he said, "somebody must have changed the combination of the safe. I can't do anything with it. You don't know the combination, of course?"

"No, sir; Miss Tomlins was the only one who knew it."

"D—n Miss Tomlins!" he burst out angrily. "Here—you go and get a safe-expert, and tell him to open this thing even if he has to do it with a sledge hammer or dynamite. Go quick, too! I've got to see——"

Here he returned to his own room, and I left on a run.

When I came back I brought an expert, who went to work at the safe.

Meanwhile I saw that Bunker had been going over all his papers. He filled his wastebasket with scraps, and covered a large part of the floor with trash. And he seemed worried to death till the man had drilled the lock and opened the door of the safe.

Then—there wasn't much to see. When Bunker had unlocked the inner compartment he found nothing inside except a scrap of paper on which was neatly written in blue pencil:

"Good-by! I've got a good start!
"Theresa, alias 'Smooth Sue.'"

That was all. And apparently it was enough.

Bunker looked at the paper a minute and turned gray. Then he held it out to the expert with shaking hand.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"'Smooth Sue'?" said the expert. "Didn't you ever hear of her? She's one of a big gang. You've been robbed, that's all. She has cleaned out the safe and then changed the combination to gain time. She's one of the worst in that line. There's a reward out for her ever since that big Trust Company was robbed in Beckwith avenue."

The paper dropped to the floor.

"All right," said Bunker. "Send your bill in tomorrow, I'll not be back today."

And he picked up a satchel from the corner and left the office without a word to any of us.

He did not return that day—nor the next day; nor any day.

But the office was busier than ever, so long as it lasted. Within a short time came creditors, clients, men with bills, the police, detectives—and it did not take us long to find out that Bunker had been skating on the thinnest kind of black ice.

He had collected all the cash he could get in, and was just about to make a clean get-away with it, when his private secretary, the "Elevator"—who had so thoroly raised the moral tone of the office—had in the nick of time outdone her thievish employer by collaring the bundle of swag just as it was nicely made up for ready transportation.

Seeing that the game was up, Bunker had skipped, too—and that was the end of the office.

But we found one pleasant incident in the whole transaction. When the office broke up, we found that there was due Jimmy about $25; to Jean Nisbet, a little more; and I lacked about $150—on salary account.

About two weeks after the "Elevator" disappeared I received a package inclosing a letter and $250. The letter read thus:

"Somewhere in U. S. A.

"Dear Mr. Welles: We don't rob the poor—but only such old scamps as that whited sepulchre, Bunker. It made me sick to fool the rest of you. Give my best to Jimmy—who's a good pal! Hand the money round to the force according to what's owed them. And—if you can, marry that sweet Jean—who's a fine, straight girl—and count yourself lucky!

"Wish I was like her. I was once.

"Good-by, forever,

"Mr. Victor Welles, office of Bunco Bunker."

And that was the last we ever heard of Bunker or the Elevator, tho Jean and I have watched the papers closely. We found out later that the payment for the elevator's board bill had been left hidden in her room, so the landlady didn't lose her money. Apparently, like Robin Hood, "Smooth Sue" did not rob the poor, but was after the dishonest rich—like our employer.

As to the money she left for us, we tried to hand it over; but all parties agreed that we were entitled to it to balance what was owed us.

It certainly was a godsend, for Jean and I had been saving every cent so we could be married. So we always had a grateful remembrance of the Elevator.

* * *

Preferred Commoner Conversation.

When Roosevelt was campaigning in the West a few years ago two negroes who were in one of his Los Angeles street audiences fell to discussing the relative merits of our great stump speakers.

"Ah shore do like to listen to Mr. Rosenfelt talk," gurgled the big ebony hod carrier. "Reason Ah likes to listen to him am bekase he hab such good gover'ment ober the English langwidge!"

"Well, sah, thars whare you and me differs," put in the little chocolate-coated janitor. "Ah's sooner hear Mr. Bryan than Mr. Rosenfelt. Ah'd sooner hear him than anybody Ah knows of. Reason Ah likes his speakin' is bekase he don't use a great many of them thar unfrequented words."

* * *

Seeing Things.

Magistrate—"And what was the prisoner doing?"

Constable—"'E was 'avin' a very 'eated argument with a taxi driver, yer honor."

Magistrate—"But that doesn't prove he was drunk."

Constable—"Ah! But there weren't no taxi driver, yer honor."

THE DEAD HAND

By Victor Rosseau

Dead men are not calculated to wreak physical vengeance on those who have slain them, but here is a case where calculations were upset and justice meted out.

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AS THE manager, having let himself into the bank, turned and locked the door behind him, a sudden blaze of electric light enveloped him.

"Throw 'em up!"

Out of the heart of the light emerged the masked men with the revolvers, covering him.

During the ensuing three-fifths of a second he began to realize what had happened. It was the unbelievable thing that never could have happened to him. It had happened once in a great while in other small country banks, but Rogers had never regarded a hold-up as anything within the bounds of possibility, even tho he had always been vaguely uneasy when there was money in the safe.

Outside, the early morning sunlight streamed down upon the streets of the little Southwestern town, which was just beginning to yawn and stretch itself for the business of the day. Inside the shades were drawn, and Rogers had seen and suspected nothing until the blaze of light and the command.

"Keep 'em up!"

He held his hands up steadily. A second or more had passed. The hands of the clock over his head pointed to ten minutes past eight. He had only a single teller and a stenographer, and neither would be due to arrive till nine. The chances were all against him.

Ordinarily, the cash that the bank handled in the course of a day was the merest triviality; but once, each month, the pay for the gang employed on the new cut was placed in the safe over night. Soon after nine Hodgman, the superintendent, was due to arrive to receive $8,000. The manager always slept badly with this responsibility on his mind, and on those once-a-month mornings he came down early. It relieved him wonderfully to open the safe and see the money untouched.

The bandits must have learned all the details of the situation. The manager looked at them, but the faces under the masks could not be recognized.

"Go and sit down in your seat!" commanded one of the men; and the other, reaching back, snapped off the electric lights, except the one that hung in the globe from the ceiling.

Rogers opened the swinging door in the low rail that divided the space left for the public from the little place in which his desk was set. It was a large desk with a flat top, and his stenographer, Miss Mason, sat at the opposite end when she was not typewriting. The first thing that the manager noticed was the safe, intact. Some tools lay on the floor in front of it, and a mess of chemicals had dripped about the boards under the handle. There was the faint odor of an explosive.

Rogers' heart leaped up. Bunglers! They had tried nitroglycerin, after attempting to drill a hole to set it off. An amateur gang! No thermite, no electric drill, none of the ordinary paraphernalia of the up-to-date safe-blower!

Then what about Watson, the watchman? They could never have escaped his observant eyes. Probably Watson had spotted them and had already gone for aid. The watchman was an elderly man, faithful, and of long service. He had always paid periodical visits to the inside of the bank on those nights when the laborers' pay lay in the safe. Watson could not have been fooled.

"Yes, and now it's up to you, partner," said the man behind the manager, watching his face and seeming to interpret his thoughts. "Sit down! Keep 'em up!"

The manager stepped toward his desk, passing around the corner of the card-index cabinet. One look and he collapsed into his seat, motionless from horror.

On the floor across the room sat the body of the watchman. A streak of dried blood splashed the white hair on one temple, but except for that and the pallor of the face one might have thought he was sleeping. The head was bent down upon the breast, and he sat leaning against the wall, the legs stretched out along the boards. The right hand was extended beside the left leg, and in it was a revolver, the middle finger still on the trigger.

Evidently the old man had been standing by the window when the bandits challenged him. Probably he had been a tenth of a second too late. The shot which pierced his brain had sent his bullet wild. It had clipped a piece of plaster from the wall beside Rogers' desk, a long scratch ending in a star-shaped crack and a hole.

The glow of the electric light shone on the white hand. It had assumed a peculiar waxy look, like that of a figure in an anatomical museum, and the muzzle of the revolver was about an inch from the floor, so that the weapon actually rested in Watson's hand. The muscles were already stiffening. The man must have been dead some hours.

Then the bandits, unable to force the safe, must have been waiting all night for Rogers to arrive. The audacity of the plan was stunning. The second bandit approached him and began turning out his pockets. He took his watch and pocketknife, also a few silver pieces.

The men were growing exasperated. The one who had admitted Miss Mason sprang at Rogers and struck him upon the jaw.

"Now then," he cried. "The combination! D'you hear me?"

Without a Sound One of the Bandits Toppled Over.

"You can put 'em down now," he said. "What's the combination?"

The two men stood beside the safe, waiting. The clock, which the manager could just see by rolling his eyes, showed the time to be twelve minutes past eight. There was no hope of rescue.

The business section of the little town was still deserted. It was doubtful whether a scream would have been heard or even a revolver shot.

"Quick, now!" snarled the second bandit.

"I'll see you in Hades before I give you the combination," shouted Rogers.

The first man stepped forward, and held his revolver under the manager's chin, the muzzle pointing upward.

"I can blow the top of your head square off," he said. "Come on, now. What is it?"

Rogers was shaking with fear. And yet the instinct of manhood, never put to the test, arose in him.

"You can go——" he began.

A sound at the door interrupted them. Miss Mason had a key; she was engaged in confidential work and sometimes came in early, or stayed late. Rogers had not expected her that morning. He must shout a warning to her, incidentally apprising her of what was happening.

But one of the men clasped his hand over his mouth, while the second stepped noiselessly to the door. It opened, and for a moment Miss Mason stood in a gleam of sunlight.

She stepped inside. The door was closed behind her. She looked up into the bandit's face; she saw Rogers at his desk, struggling in the grasp of the bandit.

She stood still as a statue for an instant; the next, disregarding the revolver of the man who had admitted her, she flew to Rogers' side. She tore the hand from his mouth.

The man caught her and pushed her down into her chair, opposite Rogers. To his intense relief the manager saw that she had not perceived the watchman's body upon the floor behind her. It sat, propped up in its ridiculous attitude, one hand still clutching the revolver, which seemed to be pointing, diagonally, toward the safe. The clock indicated a quarter after eight.

Rogers set his teeth and shook his head obstinately.

"You'll have just one minute to make up your mind before I blow your head off. Understand?" He turned to the girl. "Say, Miss," he said, "if you don't want him croaked you'd best advise him to give up the combination. Most any one'd do it."

"He won't!" exclaimed Miss Mason. She sprang to her feet and screamed. Rogers had never thought a scream could be so piercing.

One of the men whipped the handkerchief from the manager's pocket and thrust it into her mouth. She screamed again, faintly; then she sank back in the chair, in which he held her.

"Now, then, what is it?" demanded the one who had threatened. "Will you give up the combination or have your head blown off?"

"I will not give you the combination," answered the manager, and he saw the approval in Miss Mason's eyes. The man who was holding her saw it, too.

"I guess you haven't looked behind you," he said brutally, swinging her around.

Her eyes fell upon the body of the watchman. Her face was violently distorted. The bandit pulled the handkerchief from her mouth.

"If you scream again he's gone," he said. "We'll give him a minute more. You'd better advise him."

"He won't give it up," said Miss Mason in a low voice. "Shoot him, you murderers, you cowardly murderers!"

"Half minute's gone," said the other, holding out Rogers' watch. "Now, then. Is it the combination?"

"No!" answered Rogers.

"You'll have one more chance, that's all. Think it over till I see you again."

Rogers stared past him at Miss Mason, seated quietly in her chair. He saw the determination in her eyes, and he knew that she would rather have him die a thousand deaths than betray his trust. He looked past her toward the body of the watchman, and he started involuntarily. Was the man living? The hand that held the pistol seemed to have moved. It was raised and pointed directly at the safe, aiming the weapon.

For a moment fear, greater than any before, gripped Rogers. Then he understood what was happening. As the muscles stiffened they contracted; as they contracted the hand that held the weapon was raised.

"Now, then!" shouted the bandit, pressing the revolver against the manager's throat.

"I'll give you the combination," he answered heavily. He looked at Miss Mason across the desk and saw the unutterable scorn in her eyes.

"I guessed you would," answered the man. "Get busy, Joe!"

The second man bent down before the safe, while his companion, still covering Rogers in an aimless way, retreated beside him. The point of his revolver drooped. It pointed at the floor.

"It's CRAB 52," said Rogers.

A moment later the door clicked open. Both the men kneeled before it. Miss Mason whispered across the desk.

"You coward! Oh, you coward!" she said.

Bang!

Without a sound one of the bandits toppled over upon the floor.

Before the other could recover from his surprise Rogers had sprung to his feet and seized the revolver from the dead man's hand. The second finger was already stiffening upon the trigger again.

"Throw 'em up!" said Rogers.

* * *

Worlds of Woe.

"I SEE they are talking of a big Government license fee on automobiles used for pleasure," said Ganderson. "By the time a man has to pay for a State license and a Government license, to say nothing of the soaring prices on tires, he will conclude that walking is the best plan."

"In the balmy days of peace," observed Conkling, "there was some pleasure in motoring. If a man had mechanical trouble on the road he generally could find a respectable mecha[illegible] in the next town. But the Government has commandeered most of the good mechanics, and yeomen and striplings have taken their place.

"Not long ago I was journeying in a hilly country and found that my brakes wouldn't hold. That's a serious business where the landscape is like the side of a house, and when I arrived at a wayside garage I asked the proprietor if he could put in new brake linings for me. He said he could in about four hours. His mechanics were all youngsters, who looked as tho they had escaped from high school and should be wearing rah-rah sweaters at a picnic instead of mussing around cars. But the boss said they were experts, notwithstanding their tender years. I went to the village hotel and had a wartime dinner and hung around for four hours, and then went to the garage to see how they were getting along. Say, they had my car all taken to pieces and parts lying around the floor. I was hung up in that little burg two days before they had it put together again, and the expert who did the work had me charged up with a dollar an hour."

"I was journeying on a sandy road," narrated Fessenden, "and was passing a heavy wagon, when the car skidded into it. Then I found that she didn't steer right, and was going lopsided. I managed to push her along to the next town, where the proprietor of the leading garage looked profoundly wise, and said I had bent my front axle. It would be a delicate job getting it straight again, but he could do it.

"Then he and his first assistant took off the axle and heated it and pounded it, and wrestled around it all day, measuring and filing, and bending and twisting, until they said they had it just as it was when it left the factory. They put it on again, and charged me $14, and I started off, only to find that the boat was as unmanageable as ever.

"I staggered along for seven miles until I came to another town, where there happened to be a real mechanic, who had not yet been confiscated by Uncle Sam. He looked at the axle and said it was a miracle the blacksmiths hadn't spoiled it. The trouble wasn't in the axle. A rod connected with the steering gear was bent, and this man fixed it and charged me 60 cents.

"My advice to the chap who wants to go motoring is to take a course in mechanics, and fit himself to fix his own boat when it goes wrong."

* * *

Friendly Advice.

PARKINS was never tired of prophesying calamities and his friends were getting a bit fed up. Parkins had already predicted famine and one day he remarked dolefully to a friend:

"What would you say, my boy, if I were to tell you that in a short space of time the rivers of our country would all dry up?"

"H'm, I should say," replied the friend, "go thou and do likewise!"

In a Hurry.

In a Western town there lived a man who was so noted for his conversational abilities that his acquaintances avoided giving him unnecessary opportunities to talk. One cold morning he rode up to a hotel in the neighborhood just as the guests were finishing breakfast. He walked in, saluted the landlord in his usual loud tones, and declared that he was so cold that he could scarcely talk. Just then a nervous traveler who was present stepped up to the landlord and, taking him by the coat, said:

"Have my bill brought as soon as possible."

"What's the matter, my dear sir?" inquired the landlord. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, nothing! Only I want to get away from here before that man thaws."

Filling It Out.

She was an enthusiastic war worker, but, all the same, she was a little confused with the report she had to draw up about her 'bus. She had, however, managed to fill in the greater part, when she came to the heading "Accidents," and she wrote:

"Bumped into an old gentleman."

Then came the heading "Remarks;" and, after due consideration, she reported:

"Simply awful!"

Housewives, Note!

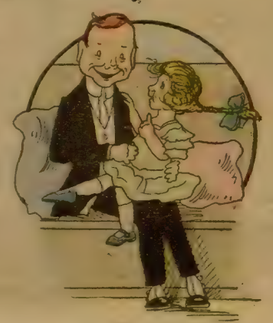
The following recipe for army pudding should be turned over to the conserving public:

The remainder of Tuesday's apple sauce mixed with what was left of Wednesday's peach cobbler. Stir well and add the leavings from Thursday's tapioca. Add all of Friday's vanilla cake that was not used. Place in clean pans and serve rapidly on Saturday.

Over the Telephone.

"I suppose you have some queer customers?"

"Yep," said the telephone girl. "One of 'em is an opera singer. Always sings his calls. Always starts off with 'Hear me, Norma.'"



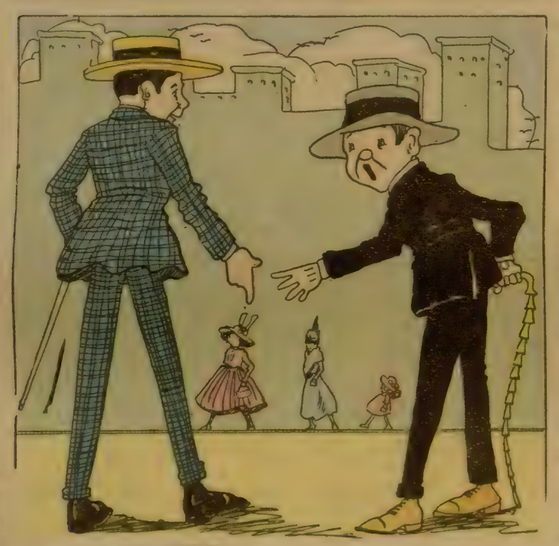
Lulu—"For Heaven's sake! Mr. Mush, don't let sis see dis. She's awful jealous."

Very Unusual.

"I see a bill recently passed Congress without a dissenting vote."

"What of it?"

"I didn't suppose it possible to propose a bill so reasonable that everybody would vote for it."



Cholly—"Married now, eh? And where do your wife's folks live?"
Willie—"Why do you ask?"
Cholly—"Why, I just wanted to know your address."

A Satisfactory Substitute.

A farmer who lived in the corn belt sprang suddenly into prominence because he had a knack of raising fine-haired hogs that won many ribbons at the State fairs.

He joined a swine breeders' association. At the first meeting he attended the hog raisers elected him president of their organization. A big banquet was one of the features of the meeting. There were many eats on the table.

After it was all over the old farmer, who couldn't call by their United States names half of the dishes that were set before him at the feast, slipped into his pocket a menu, which he exhibited to the folks when he reached home.

"Never et so much in all my life!" he exclaimed. "See what we had," he continued, as he tossed the menu into his wife's lap. "We had every blamed thing on that list, except them Blue Points. We didn't have them, for some reason or other, but I wasn't disappointed, 'cause they had oysters in the place of them, and I'd sooner have oysters than Blue Points, any day."

Wouldn't Work.

Mary had a sweetheart who was not altogether acceptable to her parents, and she got many quiet hints as to giving him his dismissal. These hints, however, went altogether unheeded and at length her father took the bull by the horns and spoke out quite plainly on the subject.

"Look here, Mary, I don't like that young fellow coming here so much. Next time he pays a visit just give him the cold shoulder".

Mary smiled, showed her teeth prettily, laid her hand coaxingly on her father's arm and said:

"But, papa, what good would that do? He's a vegetarian."

The Change She Needed.

An Atlanta woman was standing on her back porch one beautiful spring morning. She did not appear to be happy or contented. She confided her restlessness to her old darky housekeeper: "I do wish I could go away! I certainly need a change!"

"Look heah, chile," said the old mammy, "Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Disheah beautiful house? Dese heah lubbly chillun? Wot yo' wanta git 'way from? Yo' gotta lug yo'self 'long whereber yo' go!"

More Frightfulness.

Nothing is to be said in commendation of the spirit of the man who recently advertised in a London newspaper: "Loud, second-hand gramophone, wanted for reprisals." Many people, however, not only in London but in many other towns the world over, are only too familiar with the circumstances which provoked this vengeful and mistaken determination. Such circumstances certainly constitute one of the things which will need to be "seen to" sooner or later.

Make Hay While the Sun Shines.

Little Ralph, an only child of 4, had been permitted to stay up one evening when his parents had company. At the table he made a quaint remark, at which all the guests laughed. He instantly saw that he had made a hit, and with commendable enterprise sought to follow it up.

"Dad," he shouted, "what was that other smart thing I said yesterday?"

Prepared for Self-Denial.

"What is your husband's favorite outdoor sport?"

"Well," said the woman with snappy eyes, "now that a shortage of water is threatened, he says it is getting the hose out and sprinkling the lawn."

"Gentle Gloom."

Mrs. Higgins was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and every one. But at last the vicar thought he had found something about which she could make no complaint—the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles around. "Ah, for once you must be well pleased," he said with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. "Every one's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year." The old lady glared at him as she answered: "They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?"

Saw Only One Side.

"Mixter has rotten manners, hasn't he?"

"On the contrary, I have always found him to be a perfect gentleman."

"Oh, well, you may be right. I have seen him only with his own family."—Life.

What He Wanted

"Can I interest you in a piano - player?" said the agent at the door.

"No," replied the man of the house, "but if you know a good garden weeder I might be interested."

A Long Shot.

"What book does the lady want?"

"She says it is something with a queer name, something odd."

"Try her on the Odyssey."

Hundred Per Cent in Views.

The man who was seeking a home said to the agent: "What I want is a place with a fine view."

The agent, who was rich in places of all sorts, immediately exclaimed:

"Here, I've got just what you are looking for. But it will cost you a little more than the one I've just shown you."

"Are you sure the view is all right?" continued the home seeker.

"Why, man, it couldn't be better! By simply going on your roof you can see a big league baseball game."

Still Unpopular.

Bacon—"What became of that fellow who used to umpire the baseball game?"

Egbert—"He's enlisted in the Government service."

"That's good; umpiring made him so unpopular."

"He's just as unpopular now. He's a censor."

Sweetly Expressed.

Not for worlds would Mrs. Smith speak an unkind word about any one. She was one of those charitable old ladies who try to think and speak kindly of every one. If any one asked her opinion of a person, and she did not particularly like the individual in question, she would express her feelings in such a quaint and original way that the sting would be quite lost.

"What a brilliant conversationalist young Mr. Jenkins is!" said a friend to her one day. "Do you know him? Really, it's an education to listen to him talking."

"Yes," said gentle Mrs. Smith, "I have met him."

"You must have found him very entertaining. Why, he can talk cleverly and wittily for an hour at a stretch."

"Then when I met him," said Mrs. Smith, with a sweet smile, "it must have been at the beginning of the second hour."

He Knew the Vernacular.

The word "beau" happened to come up during the course of a dictation exercise in a shorthand class at one of Columbus' intermediate schools. The teacher, a man, explained to the class that that word didn't literally mean what the generally accepted idea of it is, but rather that its literal translation from the French was "a dandy."

"It has a feminine equivalent also," explained the instructor, thinking of the word "belle." "Does any one know what that word is?"

"Chicken," was the prompt reply of one youth, uttered almost before the question was completed.

The Wrong Process.

A colored Baptist was exhorting.

"Now, breddern and sistern, come up to de altar and have yo' sins washed away."

All came up but one man.

"Why, Brudder Jones, don't yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has? Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Over at the Methodist Church."

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned."

Two of a Kind.

The beautiful woman with the peaches and cream tints and satiny skin was looking sympathetically at the face of the man who had just been rescued from the powder house which had exploded.

"Poor man!" she said. "Your complexion is ruined!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the man feebly yet cheerfully; "you see, I got my complexion the same way you got yours—from a powder puff."

Considerate Husband.

Mrs. Exe—"So you've got a new gown after all. I thought you said you couldn't afford one this fall."

Mrs. Wye—"So I did; but my husband had a streak of luck recently. He broke his leg the next day after taking out an accident policy that pays $50 a week."

On the Safe Side.

The minister noticed that an old lady always bowed her head when the name of satan was mentioned. On his asking her why she did this, she replied: "Well, politeness costs nothing, and you never know."

Loyal Defense.

"I hear, James, your master is a perfect lady killer, especially since he got his new auto."

"'Taint so, sir. He has run over some, but none of 'em's dead yet."

Who Could Be Angry?

"Madam, may I ask why you are mutilating my awning?"

"I want to get a skirt with an awning stripe like that, and I thought you wouldn't mind if I cut off a little piece for a sample."

Mrs. Biffem—"You're kinder to dumb animals than you are to me."

Mr. Biffem—"Well, you just try being dumb and see how kind I'll be."

Couldn't Refuse.

She—"What did pa say when you told him you wanted to marry me?"

He—"Asked me to lend him $25."

Familiar.

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded and they made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed, as if about to get up, and he paused. The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. "If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said "there's going to be trouble, and a lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpet with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off this minute." He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the pal who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye. "I can't rob that house," he said; "it reminds me of home."

Military Indecision.

A sergeant was trying to drill a lot of raw recruits, and after working hard for three hours he thought they seemed to be getting into some sort of shape, so decided to test them.

"Right turn!" he cried. Then, before they had ceased to move, came another order. "Left turn!"

One hoodlum left the ranks and started off toward the barracks-room.

"Here you!" yelled the angry sergeant. "Where are you going?"

"I've had enough," replied the recruit in a disgusted tone. "You don't know your own mind for two minutes runnin'."

Hadn't Exceeded the Speed Limit.

At the evening meal Willie was disposing of his soup with speed and noise.

"Willie!" said his mother in a reproaching tone.

Willie knew immediately what his mother meant and, assuming an injured air, replied:

"Aw, I wasn't goin' half as fast as I could."

Flower Charades.

75—My whole, in each case, is the name of a flower.

1. My first is a sweet.
   My second is a bunch.
2. My first is pleasing to the taste.
   My second is a boy.
3. My first is birds.
   My second is a toilet article.
4. My first is a pipe.
   My second stood up.
5. My first js a boy's nickname.
   My second is an article.
   My third is an article.
   My fourth is speechless.
6. My first is a horse's gait.
   My second is to inter.
   My third is a sound-making instrument.
7. My first is made of precious metal.
   My second is an instrument of correction.
8. My first is a boy's nickname.
   My second is a tavern.
   My third is an article.
   My fourth is found in church.
9. My first is the feminine nobility.
   My second is an important organ of the body.
   My third is small globules of water.
10. My first is a food.
    My second is a dish.
11. My first is to deface.
    My second is myself.
    My third is money.
12. My first is a girl's nickname.
    My second is an article.
    My third is just so.

Anagrams.

76—The anagrams, indicated by the quotations, will provide words to fill blanks in the following sentences.

1. There are really "no more stars" on dark nights than on moonlight nights, the ——— tell us.
2. He "got as a clew" to the theft several ——— which the thief left behind.
3. Men who are "sly wear" insinuating similies in vain when dealing with ———.

An Aboretum.

77—1. What trees are put away in summer?
2. Under what tree would you seek shelter from the rain.
3. What does a disappointed suitor do?
4. If asked by your dearest friend, whom you loved best, what would you answer?
5. Something soft and something hard?
6. A safe place to row?
7. The impression of a hand?
8. A soothing lotion?
9. How does a well-groomed man look?
10. The edge of a garment and to fasten in.

78—

Diagonal.

B * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * T

The new diagonal "B——T" is:

1. To lose blood.
2. A kind of bean.
3. An Arabian military commander.
4. A pointed missile.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

71. Diagonal Puzzle.

S O U T H
O C H R E
U H L A N
T R A I N
H E N N A

72. Transposition.

1. Crane. 2. Tansy. 3. Glass. 4. Bread. 5. Horse.

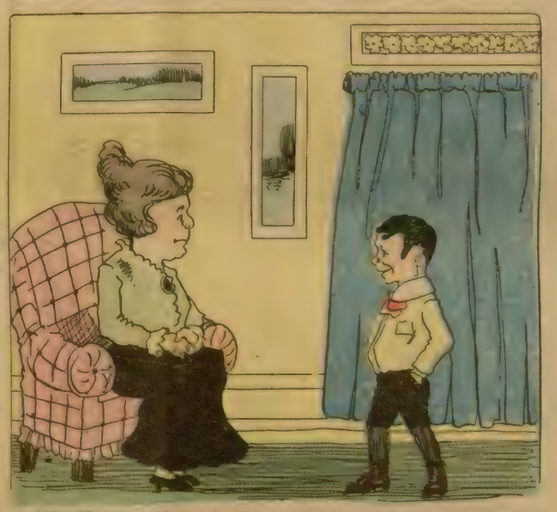
73. Geographical Mutilations.

1. Apo. Po. 2. Andover. Dover. 3. Tomsk. Omsk. 4. Rhine. Rhone. 5. Canton. Canyon. 6. Lovell. Lowell. 7. Cod. Col. 8. Prussia. Russia. 9. St. John. St. John's

74. Mathematical Problem.

The hounds gain 6 rods in every 21. They must therefore run as many times 21 as 6 will go into 96, which is 16. 21x16=336 rods.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.



Lady—"So you got 10 cents for being the smartest boy in school. What will you do with the money?"
Tommy—"Buy a pea shooter ter hit de teacher."

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GENTLE JABS.

Dignity begins when boasting ends.

A pretty girl finds pleasant reflections in her mirror.

Many a man stubs his toe on the threshold of success.

The gentle quiver of a girl's voice often holds her beau.

Men do less than they should unless they do all they can.

Good imitations are sometimes superior to poor originals.

Even the unsociable physician never objects to paying visits.

Some men can't screw their courage up without a corkscrew.

A man's conscience is either his best friend or his worst enemy.

The more you think about some men the less you think of them.

If a woman doesn't own a mirror she has lost all interest in life.

A man seldom gets it in the neck for keeping his mouth shut.

Madder is used in coloring red, and red will make a cow madder.

Cold storage is a failure when it comes to keeping an engagement.

True happiness consists in getting something you wanted but didn't expect.

The difference between repartee and impudence is the size of the man who says it.

Don't tell your troubles to a policeman unless you are looking for more trouble.

The love that dwells in a cottage could never thrive off terrapin and champagne.

Some husbands would do almost anything to render their wives unspeakably happy.

Don't get too self-important; the world will move on just the same after you are gone.

If a man is unable to say nothing and saw wood he should at least try to do one or the other.

Just because there are sermons in stones it doesn't follow that there are rocks in preaching.

It takes a lot of common sense to get a man out of trouble that a little nonsense got him into.

When a man is in love he is either so happy or so miserable that he doesn't care what happens.

The more a woman knows to the discredit of her husband the madder it makes her when other women find it out.

Your Kitchen in War Time

How to Choose the Diet

BY MARY FULLER WEST

EVERY one of us is trying her best to utilize every particle of food that comes into her kitchen so as to build up the health, strength and welfare of her household. Not a few of us, however, are a little bit hazy as to what constitutes a good nourishing meal for the family.

According to Government bulletin 808 each meal which we eat should contain substances from each of the five groups of food—tissue builders, starches, sugar, fats and body regulators.

The largest part of the food we eat is required for fuel and energy. Now if we reckon our protein in our diet as the bricks, lumber and glass in the construction of a house, we immediately must recognize that once the structure attains complete size the only amount of this kind of food which will be necessary afterward is what will be needed in keeping the building in repair.

Protein foods are meat, fish, eggs, milk and beans and peas. A certain amount of these foods will be needed to keep the body in good condition, but a steady diet of food that is rich in protein will overload the system and enrich the blood stream, thus causing the liver and the kidneys to become sluggish from overwork.

Especially during the heated part of the year is it wise to keep away from much meat in the daily diet. If we are to conserve our strength and energy we will find that a simple diet of plenty of green vegetables, potatoes, cereals, breads, milk, cheese, eggs and fish and fresh fruit will give us the needed elements in the proper proportions.

Let us think a little about each day's menus and make one wise dollar do the work of two stupid ones. Remember that cornmeal is of higher food value than wheat. That liquid fats (oils), go farther and cost less than solid fats. That eggs and milk are fine substitutes for meat.

A good representative menu is listed below. Why not make use of its suggestions?

BREAKFAST.
Steamed Apricots.
Omelet. Creamed Potatoes.
Waffles. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Panned Tomatoes. Cream Gravy.
Whole Boiled Potatoes.
Brown Bread. Tea.

DINNER.
Baked Flounder.
Shoestring Potatoes. String Beans.
Lettuce.
Berries. Coffee.

Household Notes.

BRASS polished with oil and rotten stone will have a deep rich yellow tone.

In making sugar cookies it is an improvement to use half brown sugar.

Rye mush may be cooked in boiling salted water like any other cereal.

Never forget, in these times of economy, that it is safer to pay the provisioner than the doctor.

The flavor of lettuce is much improved if the lettuce has been on ice for several hours before serving.

When the shell of squash is too hard to pare, boil until tender and scrape the soft part from the shell.

A quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon added to each gallon of chocolate ice cream greatly improves its flavor.

Economy begins in eliminating waste at the table, so that there are the fewest left-overs to be reckoned with.

The marrow should always be taken from the soup bone and used in the soup. Marrow is a valuable form of fat.

A good salad is made of slices of pineapple, with a spoonful of cheese on each slice, and served with cream dressing.

When making boiled starch for linens make the starch with soapy water. This gives a pretty gloss to the linen.

Apples pared, cored and baked in a dish with a little water and brown sugar make a richer dish than plain baked apples.

No part of the ham should be wasted. The rough ends can be ground, creamed and served on toast for breakfast and the bone can be boiled with cabbage.

Good coffee should be made with cold water, and fifteen minutes is the proper time to allow for it to come to a boil. It should boil five minutes.

Tomato Ruffle.

INTO a large spider put 5 or 6 slices (two inches square) of fat salt pork and put over fire. Into this put 1 quart of sliced onions. When thoroly cooked pick out the slices of pork and throw away. As it is hard to find the pork after cooking the onions it is necessary to remember just how many pieces were put in and be sure to get the same number out. Add to the onions 1 can of tomatoes (it may be necessary to use a kettle now). When boiling add 3 eggs beaten. Season with salt and pepper and if the tomatoes need sugar add this, too. Serve on buttered toast. This dish is enough for an entire supper.

Graham Muffins.

ONE beaten egg, 1 cup graham flour, 2 cups pastry flour, 3 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt. Mix to a soft dough with milk. Bake in hot oven, putting your grate halfway up.

Hot Milk for Coffee.

TRY hot milk in your coffee these days instead of cream, and you will be surprised how good it is. Be sure that it is hot and not lukewarm. That is the whole secret.

To Polish a Mirror.

TO POLISH a mirror, use a dry chamois or pumice bag, or even tissue paper, and apply powdered chalk or whiting with any of these. Or use a dry cloth slightly moistened with a few drops of ammonia.

Wire Basket in Kitchen.

AMONG kitchen outfit nothing is more useful than a wire letter basket, such as men use in their offices. Baked potatoes arranged in it can be taken out of the oven, turned and put back with no danger of burning the hands. Turned upside down it makes a fine rack for cooling bread or cake. It is safer than a waiter to carry small pieces of china back and forth from the dining-room to kitchen. Indeed, so multiple are the uses to which it can be put that once you install a letter basket in the kitchen you will never be without it.

Prune Cake.

TWO cups flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls fat, 4 tablespoonfuls sugar, ¾ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup skim milk, 1 cup cooked prunes, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, ½ cup sour cream.

Sift dry ingredients; chop in fat; stir in milk; form soft dough; pour in grease pan; pound prunes smooth; dust over cinnamon and sugar; dot with cream; bake in brisk oven. Serve hot.

Delicious Dessert.

THREE oranges, 4 English walnuts, 8 marshmallows, ½ pint cream. Sweeten to taste. To make:

Peel and cut oranges into small cubes, lightly cover with granulated sugar 2 hours before using. Just before serving place oranges in bowl, a layer of nuts, first cut in halves. Next layer, marshmallows. Cream sweetened and whipped as top layer.

Fruit Cheese Pie.

MASH 1 cup of cottage cheese and add ½ cup of cream, the beaten yolks of 4 eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, ½ cup of blanched and chopped nut meats, ½ cup of washed and dried currants and ½ cup of seedless raisins. Beat well, fold in the stiffly beaten whites, turn into a pie plate lined with paste and bake half an hour.

Practical Economy.

SAVE all bits of drippings of roasts and soups and the fat left from your breakfast bacon, etc., and heat it all together. Pour into a clean dish and set in a cool place for future use. This is excellent for frying potatoes, pancakes, and can be used for shortening in spice cakes, gingerbread, etc. Many a pound of butter can be quickly saved by following this little bit of advice.

Patriotic Paste.

THE next time the patriotic housekeeper wishes to mix up a little flour paste she will not think of using anything so valuable as wheat for such a purpose. Instead she will use nonedible cornstarch, inferior barley flour or some other similar ingredient not needed for food.

Tapioca Cream.

FIVE tablespoonfuls tapioca; 1 cup cold water, 3 cups boiling water, ¼ teaspoonful salt, 5 teaspoonfuls sugar or molasses, 1 cup top milk, 1 cup chopped fruit.

Soak tapioca in cold water; add three cups boiling water slightly salted. Cook until clear, using double salted. Stir in sugar and milk, boil five minutes; remove from fire; mix with fruit; mold in cups; when cold serve with jelly.

Cocoanut Cheese Pie.

FOUR eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 pint sweet milk or cream, 1 cup of cottage cheese, 1 cup of shredded cocoanut, grated rind of a small lemon. Beat the yolks of eggs and the sugar together until eggs are light, add the cheese, beat well, and stir in the cocoanut. When well mixed add the milk by degrees and lastly add lemon rind. This mixture should be put together very lightly. Line pie plates with a rich pastry crust rolled thin. Fill with the custard and bake in a quick oven twenty minutes. Beat the whites of eggs very stiff, then beat in 2 tablespoons of sugar and 1 of lemon juice. Spread this over the pies when they are baked and brown a delicate brown in moderate oven. Serve very cold.

Potato Dumplings.

ONE cupful of mashed potatoes, ¾ cupful of corn flour, ¾ cupful of barley flour, 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, ½ teaspoonful of paprika, 2 tablespoonfuls of grated onion, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 egg. Work to a smooth dough and then mold into balls the size of small apples. Tie in individual pudding cloths and then plunge in a saucepan containing 2 quarts of boiling water. Cook for thirty minutes and then lift and drain. Serve with gravy or cream sauce.

Facts in Few Words.

PRUNES can be treated to sweet pickle just as peaches or other fruits can.

Apples are good when baked with the cores in, and there is not so much waste.

Fried mush always should be served very hot with butter and sirup.

The secret of good cranberry sauce is quick cooking and very little water.

Savory stews need very little meat and a great deal of seasoning to make them a success.

People who have fireless cookers can keep water hot in them a long time. It comes in handy for washing up.

Potato Pudding.

ONE cupful of milk, yolk of 2 eggs, 1½ cupfuls of mashed potatoes, 1 cupful of sirup, ½ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, juice of one lemon, grated rind of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoonfuls of shortening. Mix in the order given and then bake in individual custard cups in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Chill and serve with fruit whip. Stand the custard cups in a baking pan containing hot water while baking.

Bread Griddle Cakes.

PREPARE 1½ cups fine stale bread crumbs. Add 1½ cups scalded milk and 2 tablespoonfuls butter to crumbs and let soak until crumbs are soft. Then add 2 well beaten eggs and ½ cup flour sifted and mixed with ½ teaspoonful salt and four teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cook same as any other griddle cakes.

Carrot Marmalade.

TWO cups sliced cooked carrots, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups water.

Wash and slice oranges and lemons very thin. Stir sugar in water until dissolved. Boil orange and lemon slices in sugar and water until clear. Add cooked carrots. Simmer until clear and thick.

Onion Chowder.

COOK 2 cups minced onion with 3 tablespoonfuls drippings about ½ hour over a slow fire so that onion will not brown. Then add 3 quarts boiling water, 1 quart diced potatoes, 2 teaspoonfuls salt and ½ teaspoonful pepper and simmer one hour. Add 1 tablespoonful fine herbs and serve hot.

Oatmeal Cakes.

BOIL oatmeal, let cool and form into cakes. Fry a crisp brown in fat or olive oil. Serve with sirup. This is as nourishing as meat. Wheat can be served the same way, also cornmeal, boiled, then fried. Rice, boiled and fried, is excellent. Try it.

Corn Custard.

ONE can corn, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 eggs. Mix corn, milk, salt, butter and sugar. Add beaten yolks, then whites, put in buttered dish and bake in moderate oven until firm.

Barley Pastry.

MIX and sift 1 cup barley flour with ¼ teaspoon salt. Work in 3 tablespoons fat with two forks. Moisten to a dough with ice cold water. Chill and roll thin.

Concluding

The Branded Smuggler

By Jeannette King

Resume of the Opening Chapter

THE great woman diamond smuggler, hiding in Paris while she lays plans to carry a million francs' worth of stolen gems out of France, becomes disgusted with the adventurous life she has led. She shakes dice with Duval, the clever thief, to see whether or not she will handle this deal. She loses. The diamonds are in the hands of an old hag, who has taken care of the woman who has been known among thieves and smugglers as "'Red Bonnet." "Red Bonnet" feels that she came from good stock. She asks the old hag how much she will take to tell from whence she originally came and who her people were. The hag refuses to tell. While the hag is preparing the diamonds so "Red Bonnet" can smuggle them out of Paris, a detective from England arrives on the scene. He has been searching for "Red Bonnet" for years. Franz, a Frenchman of a fine old family, who have disowned him, has finally fallen into the ways of crime; he loves "Red Bonnet." She is fond of him. Franz warns "Red Bonnet" that the detective is seeking a girl of her description. "Red Bonnet" and Franz are married, and together the thieves flee for America with the diamonds. "Red Bonnet" has decided that she will keep the money and not divide it among her partners in crime. With the cash she will start life anew in the far West of the U. S. But the Scotland Yard detective, having shadowed her, books passage for America on the same boat. At sea, "Red Bonnet" and Franz try to fling the diamonds into the water, but the detective thwarts their effort. Arriving in New York they escape from him, and fling what they believe to be the diamonds into the Hudson River to destroy evidence if they are arrested. They start for Chicago, having shaken the English sleuth off their trail.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 29, dated July 20.

"Why Have You and That Husband of Yours Tried to Escape Me?"

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CHAPTER XV.

A RACE UP A SKYSCRAPER.

FOR a moment, Graham remained motionless. He watched the ball of light inside the cage shoot skyward. Then, suddenly, he recovered himself. Another elevator reached the floor level. Two or three persons entered its cage-like inclosure. Graham followed them. In spite of his seeming inactivity, he was thinking rapidly. Several thoughts came to his mind as the gate snapped shut and the elevator shot upwards. They might try to get to the roof and from there disappear across the roof-tops of neighboring buildings. He resolved to put this theory to the test. Their actions seemed conclusive evidence that they were carrying the jewels, and for that reason were trying to avoid him. This belief—for by this time, he was firmly convinced of their guilt—complicated the situation considerably. Yet he felt that thru his influence the jewels might be returned to their owners without incriminating either the woman he was looking for or her husband. Just now, however, he was more interested in getting close enough to the woman so that he could tell her his mission. When the elevator stopped on the top floor, therefore, he was relieved. From somewhere down the corridor, he fancied he heard a door pulled open forcibly. He saw nothing, however. A musty office, the only one on the floor, revealed nothing. He groped around a bit, for the halls were dark. At last, after wandering around in a kind of semi-circle, he saw that a door leading to the roof, was standing ajar. A little pile of gravel near the threshold had been kicked into a haphazard pile by some hasty feet.

Graham knew that they had made their escape thru this door, but beyond that he could not tell where they had gone. There was a dead drop of fifteen stories from the roof to the street level. The roof of the building next door was fully twenty feet lower, and there was not another doorway leading back into the building. Yet somehow, they had managed to escape. A slight wind stirred Graham's hair and blew against his heated face. Something that he had not noticed before swung into his vision. A length of rope, not more than nine or ten feet long dangled from an ornamental cornice that projected over the building next door.

A desperate man would have used it to escape. Graham visualized the descent. He saw how the man might have gone down the rope first, and reaching the roof of the building next door, with a drop of some eight or ten feet, assisted his comrade to descend. Graham tried it himself and found that it was comparatively easy. He examined the gravel on the roof and found, as he had expected that it had been scraped to one side. A man and a woman's footprints showed in the soft tar beneath. The window of the skylight was open. Graham used it to gain ingress to the building.

But here his clews lost themselves in a maze of small offices on both sides of the hall. It was impossible to walk into every one of them to see if the man and woman were there. Graham felt sure, that sooner or later, no matter where they had been hiding, they must come out on the street. For this reason he decided to go back to his waiting taxi, and watch for them.

However, when he reached the street level the driver, in great excitement told him that the couple who had entered the building and whose machine they had followed from the wharves, had left in another car. The chaffeur was loath to discuss the details of their escape, but a five-dollar bill soon loosened his tongue.

"Can you find them?" Graham asked, "I'll make it worth while if you do."

The chauffeur impressed with his generosity answered, "It might be done. Jim, that's the fellow that took them away in his buzz-wagon, has a station here at the corner of Thirty-Ninth street and Broadway. Maybe we can catch them when he gets back, if he doesn't pick up a fare when they leave him. Tell you what'll do, tho; if you'll let me have your address I'll bring Jim to you as soon as he gets back, but I'll expect pay for the time I put in waiting."

"That's all right," answered Graham. "I'll give you double what you make in fares if you can put me on the right track. In the meantime, I'll be at the Hotel Wiltmere. You can reach me there any time this afternoon or evening." He gave the driver his card, and turning down a side street was lost from view in the crowd of people.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY START FOR THE WEST.

NO SOONER had Franz and "Red Bonnet" reached the street, than they ran a half block in the direction of the cab stand and hailed the only driver there.

"The river," ordered Franz tersely, "drive northward." The driver did as he was bidden, and soon they left the more congested downtown section of the city behind them. "Red Bonnet" noted with satisfaction that Graham was not following close behind. Once they reached the river, Franz got out of the motor car and quickly walked towards the brink of the river.

Down below, the Hudson flowed seaward, like a broad blue-green band of ribbon. It twined its way along, peacefully unconscious of their terror. Into its depths, he hurled the box containing the evidence of their guilt—his and "Red Bonnet's"—for he could not forgive himself for letting her undertake such a perilous mission, even tho he himself had had no part in the robbery. For a second, he bent over the rail of the bridge and watched the box float idly along the bank; then as if caught by some stronger current, it was carried into midstream, and sucked downward in a miniature whirlpool.

A great feeling of relief came over him. He hurried back to the machine, and found "Red Bonnet" with her face buried in her hands.

"It's gone," he said simply; the woman looked up at him. In her eyes there was a new light.

"Thank heaven," she said fervently. The two words were really an entire prayer of thanksgiving, for with the disappearance of the box, came the beginning of a new life, the life away from fraud and deceit. The past held no more ties for her, she thought. It was the future now, the bright, green future on which she and Franz had embarked. She smiled tenderly at the man by her side. It was a smile of confidence and love that gave him strength to wage the battles of life. He bent to kiss her. Then releasing her slowly, he bade the driver take them back to the Grand Central Station.

Their course lay southward now; the sun hung low in the sky like a red globe of fire behind a screen of mist. The wind was blowing in from the ocean, against their cheeks. Its cooling dampness was grateful after their grueling experiences. As they sped on the sun hid itself behind the tall buildings. The day was nearly over.

They stopped at a restaurant first, and then hurried on to the depot. Tho nothing was said, he knew that "Red Bonnet" wished to avoid meeting Graham if possible, and for fear the man might be near them, he sent the chauffeur into the ticket office to buy two tickets for the West.

"But where are you going?" asked the chauffeur as he fingered the bills which Franz had given him, "Don't you know where you want to go?"

Franz shrugged his shoulders. "It's immaterial," he answered, "Get a ticket for the mountains, anywhere that the climate is dry and cool."

The driver left them. He had little idea of what part of the West fitted that description. A friend of his had once gone to Butte, Montana. He decided to buy tickets for that town. When he came out with the envelope, containing the tickets Franz thought of their luggage for the first time.

"Have we got time to get it?" questioned "Red Bonnet, "it's still at the docks."

"Sure thing," answered the driver, "you've still got an hour and a half to train time. I'll drive you there quickly, and we'll make the train and have the baggage checked out in plenty of time. I've made the run back and forth in less time than this."

"Red Bonnet" looked dubious, yet since she did not know the city and the driver did, she was willing to let affairs rest in his hands. A punctured tire as they neared the narrow streets leading to the docks did not lessen her anxiety, but the car was soon bowling along again as tho nothing had happened. It took but a few minutes to have the trunk examined and strapped on to the back of the cab. In forty-five minutes their train pulled out of the station on its way to Chicago. It seemed like an eternity before the taxi reached the station, and the baggage was looked after. Finally, however, they were on the train. They had barely seated themselves when they heard the cry: "All aboard," the rhythmic chugging of the engine, and the train was moving. "Red Bonnet" closed her eyes. She was leaving for a new life.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRAHAM STILL FOLLOWS.

WHAT Franz had judged the safest thing to do in getting his tickets to carry himself and "Red Bonnet" into the West, was really the undoing of his scheme to throw the detective off the track. It was after six when the chauffeur who had been driving them all over the city during the afternoon, came to his stand at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-Ninth street. He was tired and hungry, and leaving his cab stand near the curb, went into a restaurant to get something to eat.

It had been a hard day. The tension under which his passengers had labored was somehow conveyed to him. A strong cup of coffee was what he needed. It took him but a few minutes to get it. Hardly had he finished drinking it, when Graham's watcher approached him.

"There's a gent wants to see you," he said excitedly. "There's money in it, too. He's lookin' for the couple you took into your car about three o'clock this afternoon. What did you do with 'em?"

"Them? Oh, I drove them around until near six o'clock and then came in here for a bite to eat. What's up?"

"Where did they go to?"

"I took 'em down to the station and from there they go to Chicago and then to Butte, Mont. Ever heard of the burg?"

"Yeh; some little one-horse town out West, ain't it?"

"You can search me what it's like. That bug was sure crazy; he sent me in for tickets for him an' his wife. When I asked him where he wanted to go, he said 'anywhere.' That's why they're goin' to land in Butte."

By this time, the two chauffeurs had walked as far as the corner where their cabs were stationed. They then called Graham at his hotel and found him waiting anxiously for their message. After absorbing the details of the afternoon's adventure, Graham paid the man for his long vigil, and asking the men to wait in the lobby went to his room. In a few moments he returned with a light overcoat over his arm and a black leather traveling-case in his hand.

"Get me down to the station as fast as you can," he commanded. "There's another train leaves for Chicago in a half hour."

Graham hoped to reach Chicago on the flyer before Franz and "Red Bonnet" had time to make connections for Butte. He figured that they would probably have to wait for several hours in Chicago before going further West. In this he was right. But he could not foresee the wreck on the track that was going to delay his own train. He arrived in Chicago two hours after schedule time, and almost an hour after the train for Butte had left over the western road. The next train to Butte from Chicago would be leaving the following morning.

Graham turned over the advisability of taking another train and transferring at a junction near Butte. However, he discarded this plan no more than it had been made. Altho he had never done

much travelling on American trains and knew little about the railroads in this country, his experience with European roads, and the long waits at out-of-the-way stations, held him back. He decided therefore to wait until the next morning before leaving for Butte. Accordingly, he went across the street to a hotel. In fifteen minutes he was in bed and fast asleep. The stress of the chase and the long, monotonous train ride from New York to Chicago had fagged him out. He felt that he needed every ounce of strength for his new chase, and so he shut "Red Bonnet" and his strange mission out of his mind and sought relaxation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE WESTERN WILDERNESS.

ALMOST a week had passed since "Red Bonnet" and Franz left New York. With their coming to the West, they seemed to have shaken off the terror of being followed. As quickly as they could they left Butte behind them and struck out for the hills. Life seemed more natural there, where the artificialities of the city were unknown.

Some distance outside the city they found an old Indian guide. He lived in a shack up the mountainside, one wall of his cabin being formed by the rocky cliff that towered above his home. To "Red Bonnet" his mode of living seemed almost ideal. After having lived in a city as long as she could remember, the primitive house and its rude furnishings pleased her.

"It's what I've dreamed of all my life," she said softly, turning to Franz. "If only he would let us have this house for a while, I'd be willing to forego the pleasure of a long trip thru the mountains as we first planned."

Franz smiled at her. "Would you really like it?" he asked.

"Yes; you see it would be so different from what we've always known, and we could stay here until——"

The Indian, who had gone down the trail for some little distance to fill his pail with water, came back at this point. She said no more, but Franz understood. He knew that she wanted to live in this secluded spot until all danger from Graham was past. Franz turned toward the Indian and asked:

"How much do you want for this place? My wife would like to live here for a few months, perhaps for a year."

The Indian looked at them. He did not betray surprise because he felt none. People from the East were queer. They wanted the most unusual things, and they usually had money.

"Hundred dollars," said the Indian soberly. The amount seemed like a fortune to him.

Franz nodded his head. "All right," he answered, "I'll give you twenty dollars now and the rest later. You can come for the other in a week." He counted out four five dollar bills from his wallet and gave them to the guide. "How soon can we come here to live?" he asked.

"Now," answered the Indian making ready to depart, "I go to town this afternoon." He disappeared into the shack and soon emerged with his personal belongings tied up in a huge blue handkerchief. "Come back next Monday," he added laconically as he shuffled off.

"Red Bonnet" watched him disappear around the curve in the trail. "I think we'd better warn him to keep silence in case that man should turn up," she said.

Franz was already busy with the utensils in the inside, but he came to the door when "Red Bonnet" called him and he started down the trail at a rapid trot to catch up with the guide. He managed to stop him by shouting. As an extra inducement to keep the guide silent as to their whereabouts, he slipped a ten dollar note into his bronzed fingers. Without comment the Indian put it in his pocket. Then he nodded wisely. For the time being, thought Franz, they were safe from discovery. But they did not take into account the itching palm of their Indian landlord or his propensity for consuming liquor and forgetting his promises. The Indian set out for Butte. He had hardly been there forty-eight hours when Graham came upon him and learned the truth.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INDIAN BETRAYS THEM.

ON THE third day after Graham's arrival in Butte he came upon the Indian. To the Englishman the Western city was a source of amazement. Its well-paved and lighted streets, its modern hotels and office buildings were hardly what he had expected to see. He had always imagined that the West was like the country he had read about in novels, wild and rough, with cowboys and Indians fighting in the streets of the towns.

It was on one of his walks taken ostensibly for exercise, but in reality to find some trace of the man and woman he was seeking, he was startled by the sight of an old Indian who looked as tho he had stepped out of the covers of a paper-backed novel. Graham eyed him curiously; there were evident signs of intoxication about him. For a second, the Englishman stood still to see what the Indian was going to do. After a few uncertain steps in Graham's direction, the native came to a standstill. He addressed himself to the Englishman, brandishing a bottle of whisky over his head like an Indian war club.

"'Lo," he said affably, "wan' a drink?"

Graham shook his head. "Better go home," he said, gently, not wishing to offend the drunken Indian.

The other laughed. "Me got no home," he announced. "Frenchies, they put me out. Gave me money, an' told me to beat it."

Graham caught his breath. He wondered if he had heard correctly He knew that "Red Bonnet" and her husband had come to Butte; still he could find no trace of them. Was it possible that they were hiding in this Indian's house? He resolved to take a chance on this theory. Determined to put it to the test, he took hold of the Indian's arm.

"Come on," he repeated. "Tell me where you live, and I'll take you there."

"Me got no home," repeated the Indian stubbornly. "Sold him today—no, yesterday."

"Well, then, where did you live?"

"Up by mountain."

"What mountain?"

"I no tell. Man he say no tell."

By this time Graham was positive that the Indian had sold his home to "Red Bonnet" and her husband. The native's words, moreover, told him that a sufficient bribe would get the desired information. He peeled a yellow note from a roll that he had in his pocket, and pressed it in the Indian's hand. The fellow looked at it stupidly for a minute, then grinned.

"I show way to mountain," he said at last, "tomorrow morning, six o'clock."

Graham consented; but not before he had seen the Indian safely in bed in a cheap lodging-house near the east end of the city. Then feeling satisfied that his search was near an end, he walked back to his hotel on the main thorofare. That night he slept the sleep of a man nearing the end of a long and tiresome journey.

CHAPTER XX.

DETECTIVE PROVES A FRIEND.

AT SIX o'clock promptly, the next morning, Graham was roused by a hotel attendant who said that the Indian was waiting downstairs for him in the lobby. A half hour later the two were on their way to the mountain shack which "Red Bonnet" and Franz were coming to look upon as a haven of safety.

There were few signs of activity near the place when Graham and the former occupant reached the level on which the shack stood. Graham halted and looked around him. Inside the cabin he heard some one moving about. He motioned the Indian to follow him as he edged closer to the door, but the native was unwilling, and before Graham could check him, he started down the path that led up from the lowlands. Graham followed him uncertainly for a few yards, then gave it up and went back to the cabin. He knocked on the door, but there was no response; after waiting a few minutes, he tried it. It opened easily, and Graham found himself in a large room that served all purposes. A woman was standing at a rude pine table, her back towards him.

"Franz?" she asked in musical tones, believing that her husband had returned with a bucket of water from the spring some little distance above the house level.

"No," answered a strange voice, that awakened grave misgivings in her heart, "it's not Franz. Why have you and that husband of yours tried to escape me?"

The room grew dark before the woman's eyes. She steadied herself against the table, but the shock of seeing the man from whom she had fled, standing there before her in the house that she had deemed safe, was too much for her. Consciousness ebbed, and she fell.

Graham caught her as she pitched forward. He carried her to a cot near the wall, and placed her on it. There was no water about, so Graham took to rubbing her hands and wrists vigorously. But the woman did not revive. In desperation, he looked about for some restorative, and found a flask of whisky standing on a shelf over the table. He took it down and forced some of the fiery liquid down the girl's throat. It had the desired effect. "Red Bonnet" opened her eyes and saw him bending over her. Quickly she covered her face with both hands and took to sobbing pitifully. In so doing she disarranged her hair so that the red mark on her temple showed against her pallor.

"Ah," said Graham, "so I was not mistaken after all." He could say no more, for "Red Bonnet" was fast approaching hysteria. At length she lay still, however; her will reasserted itself and she sat up and faced him.

"What do you want?" she said hoarsely.

At the sound of her voice Graham turned from the window at which he had been standing and again approached the cot. "Don't fear me," he said gently, "I have good news for you."

The color came back in the woman's cheeks. Graham told her as briefly as possible of his long search and the tangled web of circumstances which had finally brought him to her. A great light of understanding and happiness came into "Red Bonnet's" eyes.

"Then you know who I am," she said joyously, "you know my people. Tell me, are my father and mother still living?"

"No; they died before you can remember, in fact, before you were kidnaped. It was your father's oldest brother who sent me on this last search to find you. He is an old man, and since his other brothers died without heirs, and he felt sure that you were living in spite of the fact that we hadn't found you after more than twenty years, he wanted me to find you, so that you could come into your own.

"About two months ago he died. His will was opened, and leaves everything to charity unless you were found within a period of ten years, and cared to claim it. To the man who found you, he offered a fortune of $500,000. I was already tracing you thru Italy and then to Paris, when luckily I came upon the woman you call Mother Louise. I recognized her immediately, in spite of the years, but since I did not wish to arouse her suspicions I did not follow.

"She was near that queer little Cafe Rebot. I immediately formed the theory that she was living in that neighborhood, and so I went frequently to the Cafe Rebot. There I learned from the hunchback that a woman answering your description came there often. He pointed out your associates, and from one of them I learned you had left for America on some mission. I guessed what the mission was, but let me tell you, you were deceived."

He then told "Red Bonnet" about his last meeting with Mother Louise, her confession, and finally about her death He was in the midst of these explanations when the door of the cabin opened. There stood Franz, wondering at the unusual scene that greeted his eyes.

"Franz," she cried, "come here. Do you recognize this man?"

Franz stood transfixed when Graham turned about to face him. His face paled. He looked at "Red Bonnet" in dismay, but she was smiling, as was Graham. Mechanically, he listened to "Red Bonnet's" words as she spoke. The thought finally came to him that this man whom he had regarded as an enemy to his happiness, was really a friend. He, too, smiled.

In less than a half hour Graham left for his hotel. Franz and "Red Bonnet" standing in the doorway of the Indian's cabin, watched him until he disappeared. Thus they stood for some few minutes, their arms about each other looking eastward, where lay the new-found happiness.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS.

IT WAS Franz who first broke the silence. Reluctantly, he released "Red Bonnet." The morning meal lay on the table, the coffee bubbled merrily on an improvised grate. "Red Bonnet" sat down, and Franz took the chair opposite her.

"My wife," he began with a queer catch in his voice; he paused. She smiled at him, and he continued, "I wonder how much longer I shall call you by that name?"

"Red Bonnet's" face blanched. "Why say that?" she asked.

"Because you are a rich woman: I am a pauper; not only that, I am what's worse, a criminal. You must not have me about to handicap you in the new life. I will go. You may count me dead, and if a new happiness comes to you, take it. Forget about me. I am only a little bit of flotsam that drifted into your life in Paris. It is best to forget about me along with the rest."

The heiress to the Evertson fortune shook her head.

"Franz, look at me," she commanded "tell me, do you love me?"

"Yes," he answered calmly, "well enough to give you up."

"But not well enough to go back to civilization with me, and face the world, and begin over," she added gently. "Well, then, if you have made your choice definitely, I will make mine. Unless you go back with me, I will stay here for the rest of my life. I will refuse the Evertson estate and let the big fortune go to charity."

"You must not do that," he interposed quickly, "it would be wrong. Your dead uncle wanted you to come back to your people. Would you refuse the wish of the dead?"

Maida regarded him thoughtfully for a few moments before she spoke.

"No," she said, "nor would it be right to deny the wish of the living. Your father wants you back. You know he has looked for you. Why let the blunder you committed ten years ago stand in the way? Will you reveal your identity for my sake?"

Franz considered for a moment. The full, rich life that extended before him and the woman he loved decided him. He rose from his seat, and walking to-

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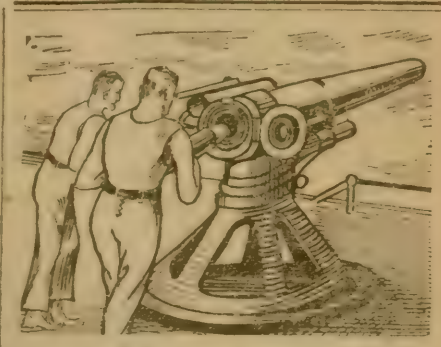
If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you've left behind.
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town,
It isn't the town, it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead,
When every one works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbors can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to see,
It isn't the town, it's you.



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wards Maida put his arms about her.

"My sweet wife," he whispered, as his lips touched her cheek, "it will be as you wish."

CHAPTER XXII.

HAPPINESS AT LAST.

THE Paris that rose to greet their eyes when the train pulled into the station from Havre, was the same city they had left not many weeks before, but in their eyes, it stood transformed. They hailed a taxi cab and requested the driver to take them to Duval's house. They found it deserted. Questions that they put to the neighbors only served to deepen the mystery which enshrouded their one-time rendezvous. Graham had told them something about the deceit that had been practiced on them. "Red Bonnet" wondered whether these men still held the jewels which had been stolen from the Dutch importer, or whether she had thrown them into the river on that first day in New York.

Out of curiosity, therefore, they dismissed the driver and started on foot for the Cafe Rebot, the exchange for all that quarter's gossip. At the entrance of the cafe, they met the hunchback. He drew back, visibly startled when he saw who his visitors were, and ran inside to tell Madame Rebot that Franz and "Red Bonnet" had returned. She eyed them both with some curiosity as they entered, for weird tales of the search for the woman had come to her ears. When they were seated, she left the cashier's cage and walked towards them, an act which very probably had no precedent in the annals of the cafe.

The hunchback bustled back and forth, and brought them their wine. Madame excused herself and went back to her desk where a customer was standing ready to pay his bill. In the meanwhile, the hunchback stood nearby twisting his towel nervously, and flicking at imaginary flies.

"Your friend, the tall, dark man and his companion have also left us," he said smiling significantly.

"Red Bonnet" looked up startled. She knew what that meant.

"They were in prison," he continued. "The gendarmes caught them trying to smuggle diamonds out of Paris. It was the jewels that were stolen from a Dutch merchant just before you left. You knew about them?"

Franz looked at his wife. It was a good thing that this gossiping waiter knew nothing about their connection with the robbery. But even this thought was secondary to the relief they both felt to think they had had nothing to do with the gems. The hunchback chattered on and on, until Franz and his wife rose to go. When they reached the street, the clock in an old cathedral overlooking that part of the city, chimed four. In an hour, they were due to arrive at Franz's paternal home. Maida had written to the old man, and he had been overjoyed to receive news of his son whom he had almost given up for dead.

As the last echo of the church chimes died in the distance, Franz looked back at the old neighborhood which they were about to leave forever. A cloud passed over the sun and seemed to cast its shadow over the Cafe Rebot and its background. Ahead of them the sun shone brilliantly on the winding boulevards. It symbolized their past and future.

The End.

Badly Frightened.

A SOUTHERN man tells of a darky named Theophilus Baxter, as "the champion banjo player of Alabama."

Wishing to afford a Northern friend an example of the real darky music, a Mobile woman went to Baxter's house with a view to enlisting his services at a musical function. She found his wife instead.

"Very sorry, missy," said Baxter's spouse, "but Theophilus he ain't playin' de banjo any more. He just puts in all his time fishin' now."

"What led him to give up his playing?" asked the disappointed caller. "Has he got religion?"

"No, missy, he ain't got religion, but he's done got skeered."

"Scared? Of what?"

"Of dat ministrel show, honey. De boss learns dat my old man kin play, an' he offers him a stiddy job doin' it. Yassum, an' it skeered Theophilus so bad dat he quit banjo playin' right away."

"That Air What?"

A COUNTRY girl from the lower part of South Carolina—they call them Crackers down here—went to Savannah to pay her first visit to a dentist. The dentist found a jaw tooth badly in need of his services. He drilled away the decayed spots, and then, to clear the cavity of small particles, brought into use a small hand bulb. As the first gush thru the blowpipe struck her mouth, the patient flinched.

"Can you feel that air?" inquired the dentist.

The young woman gazed up at him, puzzled.

"That air what?" she inquired, simply.

A BIT OF RIBBON

By George Elmer Cobb

[Copyright.]

"S-SH!" warned mischievous Mary Blinn in a mysterious whisper.

Nellie Dyson, at the oars, halted the rowboat they were in. Alice Tilson, seated in the bow, craned her graceful neck to look up shorewards.

A picture presented. A young man, handsome, attired in a way that showed easy circumstances, pose and environment romantically inspiring, sat propped against a tree ten feet above the water, fishing.

He Landed It With Care.

His tackle was of the latest approved and most expensive type. An empty game bag lay at his side. The pole hung limp, for he was asleep.

"He is one of the visitors down at the hotel!" spoke Mary, her bright eyes dancing with fun.

"Poor fellow!" added Nellie, "picking out the very barest spot along the river for a catch. I suppose he got so tired waiting for a bite that he just went to sleep out of sheer despair."

"Oh, I have it!" fluttered Mary, in a state of half-suppressed excitement. "Row a little nearer to the shadows of the cliff Nellie. That's it. Nearer the line. Hold steady, now."

"Oh, let us row on! He may wake up," suggested Alice, circumspect and timid, and well knowing the mischief-loving proclivities of her friend.

But Mary was bent on the execution of a lively idea suggested to her fertile mind. She and Nellie were expert anglers. They knew all the favorable fishing points along the stream. For two hours they had been casting their lines and in the bottom of the boat lay a superb string of fish.

There was one, an enormous pickerel, which had been landed with as much excitement among the delighted trio as tho it had been a whale. This, with hasty fingers, Mary proceeded to detach from the string.

"Now, slowly, Nellie," she ordered, and the latter, guessing what was up, proceeded to get the boat directly in touch with the line of the slumbering fisherman. Mary lifted the hook and attached their prize catch to it.

"We'll trim it, too, so as to mystfy this Isaac Walton still further," bubbled over Mary. "Just the thing!" and she snatched out at Alice, tearing from its bowknot her hair ribbon, a pretty conceit in anemones and forget-me-nots.

"No, no!" demurred Alice; but her willful friend had secured the bit of silk and gracefully tied it around the fish and gently lowered it, decorated with the fantastic strip of ribbon.

"You don't exactly understand," smiled Mary, quizzically. "This young man happens to be Nelson Warren. He is worthy of encouraging as a possible acquisition to our neighborhood circle. That catch will advance his ideas of the possibilities of our purling stream. The essence of mystery about it will awaken interest and sentiment in him. We must do something startling to capture such a prize."

"Why not run the boat under the shelter of the bushes at the opposite shore and see how he takes it?" suggested Nellie.

That led to new ripples of fun and suspense. Mary essayed to fling several pebbles at the slumbering angler, but they fell far short of the mark. They were getting tired of their sport, when he woke up. His face brightened as a touch at the pole told of prey expected.

Then his eyes opened wide and eagerly as the fish came into view. He landed it with care, proud of the capture. The ribbon puzzled him manifestly. Mary, viewing the scene at a distance, had to snicker, and ended in a slight cough.

Perhaps the young man was aware of the proximity of the donors of the fish, perhaps not. At all events he went thru an expressive and energetic pantomime. He assumed a joyous pride as he viewed the splendid piscatorial specimen, carefully placed it in his basket and left the spot at a leisurely gait. Before he did so, however, he untied the ribbon, stroked it half dry, folded it nicely and placed it in an inside pocket—directly next to his heart.

The three young mischief-makers escaped when he was well out of sight.

"You had no right to use my hair ribbon!" complained Alice. "I should feel dreadful if he knew it to be mine. If we should meet some day and he should find out that I was the hoydenish owner of it."

"Nonsense! It made a pretty effect. See how he recognized it and treasured the memento!" tormented Mary.

"Yes," said Nellie, "and I fancied I saw him lift his eyes and his lips moved as tho, just like the knights of old, he had vowed to preserve the ribbon as a page of love and find her who gave it to him, if he roved the wide world over!"

"I didn't give it to him!" protested Alice, divided between tears and vexation and inexplicable blushes.

In time Nelson Warren, indeed, became a welcome addition to the local group in which our three young mischief makers moved socially. If he remembered the ribbon episode he never referred to it in the most remote manner, much to the disappointment of Mary and Nellie.

They could not understand it. They mutually gossiped, but young Warren took a fancy to Alice from the start. He was on the lookout all the time for the owner of the bit of ribbon, but had so far made no discoveries.

One day there was a picnic. Alice was an industrious creature. She had brought some embroidery work to occupy idle moments. Her workbag lay open by her side under a shady tree where she was seated when Warren discovered her.

"They are expecting you in our group," he advised, "and I was to come for you," and then he halted in his speech, for his eyes had taken in the outspread contents of the workbag. Among them was a bit of ribbon which Warren recognized as a distinct counterpart of that which had ornamented his great catch.

"Yes," said Alice, arising and taking up a paper sack, "they called on me for a contribution of some of mother's famous old-fashioned cookies," and as she lifted a small paper sack, in her confusion she dropped it and the contents spilled on the grass.

"Allow me," spoke Warren quickly, and gathered up the cookies. Then he deliberately drew the piece of ribbon from an inside pocket and tied up the bag.

Alice gasped. She flushed like a peony, consciously guilty.

"I wish to explain"—she began.

"No need!" declared Warren, with a glad triumph in his eyes. "I have sought the owner of this treasured trifle. At last I have found her. It was worth the quest." And then and there he told his love.

Proof.

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"What makes you think so?"

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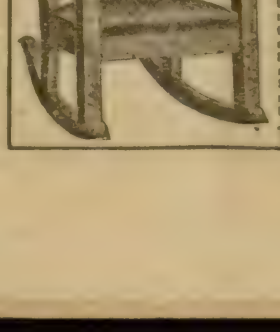

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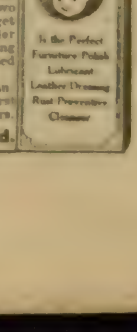

THE KIBLER CO., Dept. G 6, Indianapolis, Ind.

The House in Holly Street

By John Elkins

[Copyright.]

"FOR lo! my own shall come to me."

The little thin woman in the rocker, darning stockings, kept saying this over and over in spite of the protest on her daughter's face.

"Well, why don't it come?" asked the girl starting to set the table.

"Perhaps I haven't had enough faith. But I keep on trying." And the calm, sweet face again bent over the work with just the faintest shadow across the patient lines.

"I know mother, you are a dear. I wish too I had more faith. But some day I get just desperate. The little, mean eight dollars a week I earn at that typewriter only keeps us alive. And this street is enough to give one nervous prostration."

"My dear, I thought it was very quiet and decent."

"Yes—but I'm ashamed to ask any one here. If we could only move into a better neighborhood."

"But we couldn't afford it, dear."

"I know of some new flats in Benton place for no more than we pay here."

"How much room?" asked the mother.

"Oh, two rooms, a kitchenette and bath."

"But we couldn't do with that."

"We could manage. And it's just a swell entrance.

"But here we have a little garden and——"

"And chickens," finished Florence disgustedly. "Chickens that are an awful bother."

"But they furnish us with nice fresh eggs, and——"

"And get into the yard next door. It's all right as long as no one lives there. But just wait till there's a tenant, and there'll be a row. Lady Grey is determined to go over there."

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Bennet, "I don't see what has got into that hen."

"I know mother, you like the little patch of ground and the chickens—but I do want some of the good times other girls have. I could go with the people around here—but you know I don't care for them."

"No, dear, you wouldn't be your father's daughter if you did."

A fashionable neighborhood meant more to the dwellers in this small city than a cosmopolitan can well understand. It was the sized place where one calls on the new neighbor when she moves into the same block. Holly street with the small, poor houses, in which the Bennetts lived was well nigh a reproach to mention in the good society of Brentford. Poor little Florence Bennett, pretty, bright and well educated felt the ostracism caused by the neighborhood. On her father's death, three years previously, leaving them penniless, they had moved to Brentford where an old friend had given Florence employment in his office. She was now twenty years old, and saw little prospect beyond the stenographer's small wages in her future. Office work was not to her taste. She was essentially the home-loving woman; but she took up her task cheerfully seldom letting the inward rebellion come to the surface as it had today.

"Yes, I suppose," sighed the mother, "you might get to know some people—some of our own kind—if we lived in a different street. But I always believe, dear, that what is ours will come to us."

"Yes, I know you love that old poem."

"'For lo! my own shall come to me!'" quoted the mother.

"But not by way of Holly street."

"Yes, even Holly street. Still if you want to move into one of those flats——"

"You wouldn't be happy there, dear." Florence kissed the little woman, choked down the sob in her throat, and went on getting the dinner.

The next morning she turned back as she was starting out. "Mother!" she called. "They are painting the vacant house!"

"Why so they are! I guess we're going to have neighbors!"

Workmen went in and out, and a man was preparing the ground for a small garden.

"Ah ha!" cried Florence. "Now Lady Grey will have to go into retirement, or lose her neck."

"I'll watch her," protested Mrs. Bennett.

"Well, I don't want your job," laughed the girl as she swung off to the office.

That evening a tale of woe awaited her.

"Oh, Florence! Such a dreadful woman has moved in! Just a common Irish creature with a thick brogue!"

"I told you your own wouldn't come to you by way of Holly street!"

Her mother being in the joking mood, went on! "She spoke to me—well it was insulting!"

"I forsee Lady Grey made the first call."

"Yes, I thought I had stopped up that hole in the runway, but she got thru, and

She Turned and Saw the Owner Gazing at Her.

the way that woman went for me. I don't know what we're going to do."

"Sell Lady Grey, or move out," was the oracular response.

"I hope neither one. As for being penned up in those two little rooms——" Her voice broke with the rising tears.

"There! there! dearie, you needn't!" And Florence kissed her till she smiled.

Two or three days after this, as Florence was taking a survey of their small grassy plot with its hardy annuals and shrubbery, a female voice hailed her over the fence. She turned and saw the owner gazing at her.

"Say, miss," she called, "I'd loike ye to look afther that hen o' yours, or as thru' as I'm talkin' I'll look afther her mesilf. Here's the row of phlox all mixed up wid the 'sturtions, an' the sticks layin' galley west. It's enough to be tryin' the patience o' a holy saint, so it is!"

Florence heard a door open on the other side of the fence.

"Yes," she agreed. "I should think it would be. Mother thought she had fastened in Lady Grey. I'm very sorry. Did she get over there again?"

"Whether t'was Lady Grey or Lady White, she's a divil of a hen, an' if she comes over again, I'll——"

Here the torrent of words came suddenly to a stop with a masculine voice breaking in: "Margaret! Margaret! what is the matter?"

"Well, if yer wantin' a garden just ye thry havin' it wid a hen!"

"But the lady has said she was sorry."

"Yes, indeed," said Florence, "and I promise you you shall not be annoyed any more."

Here a rather good-looking young man emerged from obscurity. More explanations followed, and the militant Irish lady went into the house. When Florence related the incident to her mother, the latter rejoined:

"I suppose she's taking boarders, and it'll be noisy and unpleasant with men running in and out."

"I shouldn't suppose anything but day laborers would be likely to board in Holly street. But maybe he's a clerk on a small salary—still he spoke like a gentleman."

"A clerk can be a gentleman," added her mother.

"Yes," said the girl doubtfully. "He can be."

It was really quite astonishing, the way in which the acquaintance over the fence progressed, till one day Mrs. Bennett invited him in. Florence found she was glad he had been invited. When she found she was something more than glad, she began to be supremely disgusted with herself. Where were her dreams of a finer, fuller life? To marry a poor clerk meant to go on living in Holly street. No, no, it was unthinkable.

"This place must look very dingy to you after your shining new paint in there," she said to him.

"No," he said, "it looks very cozy, very homey." He took in the ample library table, the shaded lamp, the books, and the good pictures on the walls. "It looks very much as I thought it would."

"We've asked time and again to have this room papered and painted, but that miserable old skinflint of an owner won't do it. It seems he had to next door."

"Did you ever see the owner?" he asked.

"No, I don't even know his name. The agent said he wouldn't."

"I think he will," said the young man.

"Mr. Royal! But how do you know?"

"Well, you see, I work for him in the silk factory."

"Does he own that, too? Well, he's worse than a skinflint!"

"No, he's a decent fellow, if he is a millionaire. It's the agent who's to blame."

The speedy way in which the cottage was overhauled, and everything done just as Florence and her mother wished convinced them that Mr. Royal must have some "pull."

The love route is sometimes subject to fluctuations, but this one seemed to progress steadily. One day he put the important question:

"I'm getting only twenty-five a week now, but I'm promised a raise. Would you be willing to live on that?" he asked.

"I've got to think of mother," she answered. "If you'd let me go on with my typewriting——"

"No, no," he demurred. "I want to be mothered a little, and I want to take care of you both. I don't want you to work in an office."

"I must say for a poor man, you have some foolish pride," she pouted. Then the next minute: "I don't care if it's only twenty, we'll manage."

When Mr. Royal again found his voice he announced that he would bring his father to call.

The old gentleman scrutinized his future daughter-in-law so searchingly she began to feel uncomfortable.

"Miss Bennett," he said, "I feel it is my duty to inform you that this young man has been telling you a perfect tissue of falsehoods."

"Father!" interposed the young man glancing at the surprised face of the girl going white with the shock of the revelation.

"It's true he is getting twenty-five a week, but as to a raise——"

"If that's all," she cried, "I don't care. We can live on it. If there's nothing against Mr. Royal's character——"

"'Mr. Royal,'" sniffed the old man. "You rascal! you didn't even give your right name."

"What?" she gasped.

"Now, never mind, Miss Bennett! It was just a part of his Quixotic game. He wanted to see if you really cared for him. You're the right sort. I shall be very proud to have you for a daughter. I tried out Jack to see what he was made of. Now, I'm going to make him superintendent."

"Superintendent!" she echoed incredulously.

"Yes, you see I'm the owner, and the old skinflint who owns these houses. All I have will be the boy's. Just now I want him to take a vacation—for a honeymoon—and I want it to begin right away. Come here, and kiss your father!"

Florence somewhat dazedly complied. Then she glanced at her mother who had taken the old gentleman's outstretched hand, and she knew her own had come to her.

* * *

Mystery Explained.

"I WAS passing down the hall after getting my floors did," began the janitor's wife, "when I think I hear weeping in apartment G. Every once in a while came a sob like a woman with a broken heart. Now, I ain't one who butts in on other people's troubles at any time, but when I hear some one in sadness it gets me, that's all.

"So I knocked at the lady's door and when she came I made an excuse to find out if the windows had been done right by our hired man. Right away she grabs me by the arm, pulls me in and closes the door. 'I'm so glad you came,' she said, wiping both her eyes on the sleeve of her kimono. 'I'll die if I haven't got some one to talk to, some one to listen to my story.'

"I told her I was a very busy woman, but always got time for a story—especially a sad one. Then I sat down and waited for her to start, which she did right away. From the way she carried on I expected she was extra sad and I expected right.

"'Did you hear us this morning?' she asked me. I said no, altho I did hear arguments coming up the air shaft, but couldn't place them on account of that girl on the third always pounding her new piano.

"'Well,' she said, 'Alfred and I had a quarrel about where we should go on our vacation and one word led to another until I said I was sorry I married him in the first place and he packed a traveling bag and left.'

"'Did he say anything going? What were his last words?' I asked, for I always got to have a clew, you know, to work out on. 'I went into the kitchen and slammed the door after me,' she answered, 'and when I came back—peeked in, rather—he was nowhere.'

"'What did he have for breakfast?' I asked. A lot depends on that, you know. She said he got his own breakfast every morning. 'Is he light or dark?' I questioned her. You know if a feller is good natured depends a lot on his complexion. I next asked her where do her folks live; to what lodge does he belong; what school did he go to; is their automobile paid for. She answered yes and no.

"I was up against it proper. I couldn't figure out what became of her man. At last I saw a drawer open in the bureau in the next room. I went over and looked in. 'Do you know what he had in the traveling bag he took with him?' I asked. She said no.

"'It was his silk shirts he was taking to the laundry,' I said. I was guessing, but I was guessing right.

"'Oh, I should have taken those shirts myself yesterday,' she sobbed.

"'And,' I told her, 'you shouldn't have let him get his own breakfast either. It's those little things that spoil the nicest kind of a feller, and if he was gone for good this time it would be your own fault. I'm speaking from eighteen years' experience of my own and listening to hundreds of tenants' troubles—women tenants mostly.'"

* * *

Stung.

A SAD and seedy individual found his way to a suite of offices, and finally reached the sanctum of one of the city's leading legal lights.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what do you want?"

The visitor was nothing if not frank.

"A dollar," he said, boldly.

The man's unusual manner aroused the lawyer's curiosity. "There you are!" he said, handing out the money. "And now I should like you to inform me how you came to fall so low in the world."

The visitor sighed. "All my youth," he explained, "I had counted on inheriting something from my uncle, but when he died he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"A philanthropist," commented the lawyer. "What did his estate consist of?"

"Ten children!" said the visitor—and vanished.

* * *

Tit for Tat.

RUSHER was always trying to score one higher than his friend Musha, and slapping him on the back one day, he said:

"I know a chap who's an oculist. Most optimistic fellow in the world."

"That so?" replied Musha.

"Yes," said Rusher, triumphantly. "You see, there's lots of money in sight for him."

"Very good," conceded Musha; "but I also have a friend, who is a dentist, and he's an awful pessimist."

"Pessimist?" replied Rusher, puzzled.

"That's right," went on Musha. "You see, he's always looking down in the mouth."

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The Professor's Scheme

By H. M. Egbert

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"WHY don't I go to work, boss? Because there ain't no human being what will give me work. You wouldn't believe me if I was to tell you that I'm a Yale graduate, and that my folks was as white as the driven snow, would you? Say, make it a dollar and I'll tell you my story.

"Thanks, boss. Well, then, my name's Theodore Van Trump, and I belong to the best families of Boston. And when I fell into love with Marian Richards there wasn't a happier man this side of the Common. The only fly in the ointment was Jim Burley, my rival. He wasn't a college man like me, but he had the rocks, and I hadn't.

"She couldn't decide which one of us she'd take. 'I love you both,' she said. 'I love you both equal. If I've got to decide I'll die an old maid. Can't one of you boys make me take you?'

"'That suits me,' says Jim. 'Same here.' I allowed. 'But how are we going to do it?' asks Jim. 'Let's fight for it,' says I. 'Right,' answers Jim, and we set to that night.

It Seemed to Have Settled Too Deep for Anything to Be of Much Use.

"It was a closed and locked empty room, and the key was put on the floor before the door, and the one that first grabbed it meant 'I've had enough.' A sanguinary battle it was, gentlemen. We fought thirty-seven rounds by daylight and eighteen more by candlelight. And when it was over neither of us would have recognized the other. But neither of us grabbed the key.

"'I guess this won't do,' panted Jim, as he looked at me, out of the corner of his mouth, from the floor. 'Same here,' I answered, out of my forehead. You see our features had become displaced, gentlemen. 'Let's grab the key together,' Jim suggests. 'That suits me,' I answered. And so we did.

"Then Jim challenged me to a duel. We went into the woods and shot at each other at ten paces, then five, then three. We drilled each other like sieves, but we couldn't kill each other. 'This won't do either,' says Jim to me as we lay side by side in the hospital ward. 'I agree,' says I. 'Make it another dollar, gentlemen? No? All right, suit yourself, then.

"Well, sir, we tried all ways, including going up in bursting balloons and eloping with Marian. Neither of us could bring it off. When Jim had Marian half way to the altar I butted in and forbade the banns. When I'd got Marian down a rope ladder, Jim was waiting below with an ax to chop the rope before I reached the ground. And all the time Marian would have taken either of us; didn't care which, in fact, so long as it wasn't anybody else.

"Jim comes to me one day. 'I got it,' he says. 'Got what?' asks I. 'It,' says Jim, displaying a vial. 'This was given to me by Professor MacStart,' he says, 'and it's going to solve our problem. Let's go to Marian's house and we'll all talk it over together.'

"When we got there Marian welcomed us like kings. 'Have you decided which of you it's to be?' she asks. 'I'm sort of getting tired of waiting, and it's only fair to tell you that there's a third party just butted in. Not that I care for him as I do for you boys, but I can't wait for you forever.'

"'s all right,' says Jim. 'My ofessor MacStart has agreed ut of our difficulties. It's a

ne,' says I. 'I've fought uels, Jim, and you know ly matched that neither of t the other, not even in a

s different,' says Jim. 'I have vial. It contains two doses of Inside one of these doses is a single drop of Professor MacStart's famous mixture for turning white people black.'

"'I never heard of such a thing,' says Marian. 'Who wants to turn white people black?'

"'That's just the point; nobody does usually,' says Jim. 'However, this is a case in point. This single drop of Professor MacStart's famous mixture won't mix. It's just a drop, floating in the center of the bottle. It can't be seen, heard, smelled, touched or tasted. Now if we divide the contents of this here vial, one of us must get the drop and one won't. It can't be divided. It's an original molecoddleole.'

"'I'm beginning to get you now,' says I. 'The winner is the one what turns black, and he gets Miss Marian.'

"'Never,' says Marian. 'I'm going to marry the loser. No black fellows for mine.'

"'The winner is the loser,' explains Jim Burley. 'In six to eight hours the winning loser, what was white, turns completely black, for keeps. The loser is the winner. He marries Miss Marian.'

"'Not before I've had time to see he doesn't turn black, too,' says Marian.

"'He won't,' says Jim, patient-like. 'You see, he won't swallow the drop. And he began to uncork the vial. 'Are you ready, Theodore?' he asks.

"'Entirely so,' says I. 'You see I loved the girl well enough to be willing to turn black if I couldn't have her.

"'Then come on,' says Jim, pouring out the stuff into two glasses. How they happened to be there ought to have puzzled me at the time, but it didn't. 'I think I've divided fair,' says Jim, 'and you can take whichever glass you want.'

"'I'll take the one nearest you,' says I. 'Here's health, anyhow.' And so we drank. You won't make it another dollar, mister?' All right; just as you please, of course.

"We went home. All that night I kept feeling myself to see if I was black, but I felt just the same. I guessed I'd won then and went to sleep peaceful. When I woke in the morning I went over to my shaving mirror. I was as black as the ace of spades, gentlemen. And it wouldn't wash off.

"Well, sir, you can guess how I felt. Jim Burley had got her for sure. What riled me more than anything else was my having took the glass nearest him. If I'd taken the other one I'd have been white instead of black. Now I was black instead of white. I tell you, gentlemen, it made me sick.

"I thought of all the trouble I'd had, getting my face bunged up by Jim, and then drilled full of holes, and falling 900 feet out of a blazing balloon, just as if I'd been a movie actor instead of an ordinary decent, self-respecting citizen, and it got me sore.

"I had a try at alcohol, and brandy, and turpentine, but it seemed to have settled too deep for anything to be of much use. I thought of telephoning Marian to take me anyhow, but I knew that wouldn't go. Jim had won her in fair fight, and—well, I had to knuckle under.

"Just then I heard a ring at the door of my apartment. I went and opened it. An ugly-looking buck nigger was standing there.

"'What do you want, you black loafer?' I roared, for I wasn't feeling very kindly toward the colored race just then. He looks at me. 'What, you too?' he roars. And then I saw that it was Jim.

"'Come in!' I says, frostily, but still glad at heart. But he didn't need the invitation, but just pushed me into my room and pulled the door to after him. And he bursts into a roar of laughter.

"'I don't see nothing funny in your remarks,' says I. But Jim only laughs the louder. 'Have you tried turpentine?' he asks.

"'I have, and likewise suds and alcohol, benzine and gasoline,' I answers, huffily. Then the laughing fit took hold of me as well. 'Say, Jim, you do look like a peach,' I says. 'Do you think Miss Marian will marry you now?'

"'That drop must have divided,' says Jim. 'Well, there's no hope for either of us now, Theodore.'

"'I dunno,' says I. 'I guess it's up to us to commit suicide, if we ain't deathproof, but there's one thing to do first, and that's to bash up Professor MacStart.'

"'I'm with you there,' I says. 'When do we begin?'

"'Right now,' he says; and then the phone rang. 'Excuse me,' says I.

"I'll go with you,' says Jim, kind of suspicious.

"It was from Marian. 'Congratulate me, boys,' she says. 'I guess you're together. I'm telephoning you from Atlantic City. The Professor and I were married at six this morning.'

"I don't know that I need to say any more, gentlemen. I've been searching for the Professor ever since, but I've never found him. In the intervals I've been searching for something to take the color off. I never found that, either. Jim and I at last started to work our way through the States to find MacStart. Jim started from San Francisco and I from New York. I don't know how far he's got, but I've reached Jersey City, as you see, and I hope to make Philadelphia by the end of the year. You don't think it's worth another dollar to help me on my way after my telling you this? Oh, all right, suit yourself, mister."

* * *

Sore Spot.

"WHAT make is your car?" asked the man with the imitation panama.

"There you go—what make is your car?" snapped the man who was addressed. "The make of my car is nobody's concern but mine. And while I'm in the neighborhood of the subject I want to say a few things regarding automobile etiquette in general.

"The make of a man's automobile is something very personal and dear to him. To feel so well acquainted with a friend that you ask him the breed of his automobile is not at all proper to my way of thinking.

"You wouldn't ask a friend, if you never saw his wife or the girl he's going to marry, what the color of her hair is or was or her nationality. Still you ask a man what the make of his car is.

"Suppose his car cost about $200 more than yours, and this fact develops after you have replied to his question. You immediately feel $200 cheaper than he. You realize you aren't in the same class socially or mentally. The latter because if the customer has a car worth $200 more than yours it proves that he must have had more brains to earn the difference.

"Another breach that is made every day among thoughtless autoists is inquiring about the year when another's car was made in. 'What model is your car, old man?' has hurt to the quick many a sensitive auto driver.

"If a man has to admit openly that his car isn't a job turned out of the shop this current year he sometimes withers under the ordeal. Especially if the man who put the query has just stepped out of a machine with the paint still wet on it. I consider this inquiry to be personal, like asking a man whether he has a bathtub in his house.

"Don't ask a man how many miles he goes on a gallon of gasoline. It is the secret pride of every driver that he can get more miles out of 24 cents' worth of gas in his kind of car than any other living man.

"The same rule applies to tires. A man who is a paragon for truth will fall from grace if you ask him how many miles he got out of his last set of tires. Without a qualm of conscience he will add a few hundred for good measure. He feels that his ability and standing as a driver depend on his mileage.

"Never ask a driver whether he ever knocked over a milk wagon, catapulted a pedestrian, was arrested for speeding or——"

"I follow you," said the man with the imitation panama, "but you did not answer my first question—what make is your car?"

"What make is your own?" shot back the man who was addressed. "I'll show I can be just as impolite as yourself."

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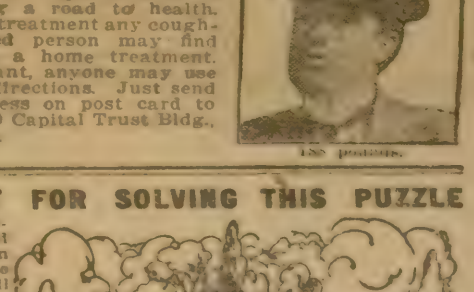

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THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By Lincoln Tregenza

Experiences on the battle field have many strange sequels and shell shock plays pranks with mind and memory which sometimes do not turn out as did this case.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

JIM DARLING, lieutenant, due for France on the morrow, lolled luxuriously back in the bow of the canoe and gazed in wondering admiration at Barbara, white-clad and dainty, who was paddling him easily downstream. The sun was full high aloft, and he watched with delight the effect of its rays upon her brown, curly head. He noted, too, the round curve of her throat, the heavily-lashed dark, blue eyes, and the cunning little dimple in her chin, that appeared and disappeared as she concentrated on each stroke of the paddle.

Altho he had known Barbara Dainton for just as long as he could remember, Jim rejoiced in these things for the first time. His ears still rang with the magic words she had shyly murmured only an hour ago. "Wonderful!" he thought. "She loves a duffer like me!"

And Barbara, at frequent intervals, smiling down at Jim's long, sprawling figure, thought how splendid he looked lying there. His brown face was upturned to the sun, the deep-set gray eyes were half closed, and, as he worried the stem of an old briar pipe, his mouth faintly twisted into a smile of complete content.

"Bay," he said, after a while, "shove her up under the trees, and we'll talk. I've been thinking——" He paused as she deftly swung the canoe round, and, sitting up, busied himself with attaching the mooring rope to a branch.

When they were comfortably settled in the shade, reclining face to face in the half-lying, half-sitting position well known to canoe cruisers, he continued: "I've been thinking about being engaged, you know. Would you mind very much, darling, if we kept it a secret, just between ourselves?"

Gray eyes and blue eyes were close together. Both were very serious.

"Why, Jim?" Barbara asked simply.

"Well, it's because I should hate to feel you were 'tied' if anything happened. It's difficult to explain, but supposing I got really badly done up—— Oh, of course, I shan't," he hastily assured her, as he saw the blue eyes narrow as imagination ran riot. "But if it did happen—if I came back useless for anything—I should like to feel you were quite free. Do you see what I mean, little one? Is it selfish of me, do you think?"

"Not selfish, of course, Jim," she answered, "and I quite see what you mean; but it somehow seems like not trusting me, because how could anything make any difference? I couldn't help loving you, however much you were hurt."

But Jim was not to be shaken in his idea. He had been Over There as an ambulance driver, before his country entered the war, and had seen the results of modern artillery; he had witnessed sights that he could hardly bear to remember. He stuck to his point, and eventually it was agreed that no one should be told.

"You see," he said gayly, "it won't be for long, and then how ripping it will be to go round and tell people!"

Barbara smiled wistfully. "I wonder how long. How long do you think, Jim?"

"Oh, well, the old war can't go on forever! It may be over in a few months, and then we'll be married. You will be Mrs. Jim Darling, darling. Doesn't it sound funny?" Suddenly he dived into his pocket. "Look here!" he exclaimed, producing a tiny silver figurine. "I've been keeping this little chap for luck. I'll decapitate the little devil, and we'll each keep half."

"I'm the girl who has the head!" cried Barbara, as she watched the execution unmoved.

"Here you are, then," he said, handing it to her. "And I'm the man who keeps his body and soul."

Each carefully stowed away the treasure; then Jim spoke quietly. "It will be all right, Bay darling. I feel sure of that, but you are free, you understand. It won't make any difference; we both know, and shan't forget."

Barbara's eyes were misty as she answered steadily: "No, we shan't forget. And, Jim——"

"Lovely one?"

"It's to be good-by here, isn't it—not at home?"

As she spoke, a distant church clock chimed the hour. Silently they listened, then Jim answered solemnly: "Yes, it's to be good-by here, and we must begin it now."

* * * * * * *

Some months later, Professor Morgan, the famous brain specialist, was taking a short walk back of the lines when he chanced upon a friend. The two stood and chatted for a space, and the Professor then spoke of the case he had just left.

"Young fellow called Darling," he said. "It appears he was buried by a mine explosion. Not a scratch anywhere, but the shock has had a peculiar effect on his brain—memory, you know, all to pieces."

"Ah," remarked the other, "there are a great many cases like that."

"True," agreed the Professor, "but this case is rather unique. My patient's memory is sound enough up to a point. He remembers people and incidents until the time he left school—about ten years ago, I suppose—after that his mind is a complete blank till he found himself here in the field hospital. Strange, isn't it? He didn't know there was a war until they told him."

"First he'd heard of it, eh?" laughed the other. "Can you do anything, Morgan?"

"No, I think not; it's one of those things that must be left alone. Very likely, in time, his memory may return, possibly quite suddenly; on the other hand, his brain may never be quite normal again—always that ten years blank."

"I'm the Man Who Has Remembered, Little One."

"It's certainly a most remarkable case," the friend observed. "Poor chap! It will be awkward when he meets people he ought to know and doesn't."

The Professor smiled grimly. "It will, indeed. Well," he extended his hand, "plenty to do, these days, you know. Good-by." And he hurried off.

Jim did not stay very long in the hospital—he did not wish to. Every one was very kind, but it all seemed so strange. He wanted to go home, and felt that once there, in the old house he knew, he might be able to remember things. The doctors agreed that it was no use keeping him any longer, as physically he seemed perfectly well, and, as one suggested, "perhaps, after all, the home influence——"

So Jim came back across the water to the old house where he had lived with his widowed mother all his life, and was glad. But altho far happier in the familiar surroundings, everything seemed somehow different. Many who greeted him warmly were as strangers to him; faces he knew and remembered appeared to have altered—they were older-looking.

"Mother," he said one day, "I don't think you have changed a bit—just a wee more gray, perhaps, but that's pretty—but other people! Well, it feels as if I've been away for years and years!"

Mrs. Darling smiled at him lovingly. "Try not to worry, dear," she said. "I feel sure it will all come back to you some day. I only thank God you were spared to me."

Jim's first meeting with Barbara was a strange one. He remembered her only as a child, and was amazed to find the little girl-friend had grown into a beautiful woman.

"Great Scot, Bay," he burst out, "I never knew you were so pretty!" It was a sad meeting for Barbara. She longed to be held tightly in Jim's strong arms, to charm away the wondering look in his eyes, to tell him that she had not forgotten. But, alas, she saw she was almost a stranger to him; he was glad to see her, that was all. She determined that he should never guess how his laughing gallantry wounded her, and smiled bravely into his face as she answered his joking question about being "too old to be kissed."

During the weeks that followed they saw a good deal of each other. Jim enjoyed taking her about with him; he felt she was a link with the past, and jokingly called her his "little encyclopedia," and Barbara, glad enough to be with him, did her best to help him with the things he had forgotten. She could tell him everything but one—the thing that mattered so much. That was a secret—once their secret, now only hers. Sometimes she would look straight into Jim's friendly gray eyes and wonder if it was possible they were the very same eyes that had once gazed so tenderly into hers that day on the river, that wonderful day—only a few months ago. Perhaps she had dreamed it all; perhaps it had never happened. There were times when she almost felt it must be so.

"Has he ever been different?" she asked herself. "Ah, yes, of course he has, just for a day—the day before he left!" And she would fiercely stifle her doubts.

One afternoon, after having enjoyed a matinee together, they were taking tea in a secluded corner of a quiet little tearoom. Jim was feeling particularly cheerful, and rattled away merrily, criticising the play they had just witnessed in general, and the players in particular. "Heavens," he said, "if a chap can't make a better show of love-making than that, he ought to be shot!"

"Could you do it better, do you think?" Barbara asked quietly.

"I? Oh, rather! That is, I suppose I could—may be rather an artist, for all I know." And he laughed gayly at the absurd position of not knowing his standing in the world of lovers. Suddenly his eye caught the silver head of the figurine swinging disconsolately from a plain gold band encircling Barbara's left wrist. "Hullo, what's that little chap doing minus his body?' he asked.

Barbara turned suddenly pale, and then, flushing, bent her head to hide the quick rush of hot tears that sprang up unbidden.

"Sorry," apologized Jim, gruffly. He only saw the flush, and instinctively turned his head. "I wonder who gave it to her?" he thought. And then, for no apparent reason, his heart began to thump; faster and faster it went, and then suddenly almost seemed to stop as he realized the truth. How he longed to take her in his arms and tell her of the wonderful discovery he had made! But she had blushed when he asked about the figurine, she hadn't answered, and to Jim the inference seemed obvious—there was some one else. If Barbara had looked up she would have seen and understood—Jim's eyes told their own story. But her head remained lowered, and Jim, misinterpreting her silence, pulled himself together and remarked casually that they had better think of going.

Later that evening, when they said good-by, Jim again returned to the subject. "I'm sorry I butted in about the trinket; I didn't know, you see——" He paused, thinking that perhaps she might explain, but after a short silence he continued bitterly: "You mustn't mind what I say; I'm only a useless kind of half-witted fool, you know."

Barbara laid a little hand on his arm and answered quietly: "You mustn't say that, Jim; it's not true. Only, you see, you don't quite understand, and I—well, I can't explain."

Jim smiled grimly. "I see," he said. "Well, good-by."

"Good-by."

"So I don't understand," he reflected, as he strode homewards. "Oh, yes, I do; but surely she might have told me about him, confound him! I'll ask mother if she knows of any one."

But Mrs. Darling, when questioned, could give no information on the subject.

"No, dear," she said, "I certainly have not heard of any one." Being a wise woman, she said no more, neither did she ask Jim why he wanted to know. He appreciated this, and cheered up a little. "After all," he reasoned, "perhaps some old uncle gave it to her." This was, no doubt, over-bold optimism, but it comforted him, and as he had promised his mother a week at the seaside, he started off with her on the following day in fairly good spirits.

The subsequent week seemed a long one to Jim. He voted the resort a "rotten" place, and soon tired of aimlessly parading to and fro, listening to the strains of the band. He took no interest in the people his mother introduced him to, many of whom he was supposed to know. Every one of them he met was anxious to know if he really did not remember them; they would glance at one another and smile at so unique a case. "Hang it all," he thought, "they think I'm a kind of walking monkey show!" He was sick of it, and wanted to go home; but when at last the week came to an end and they were actually in the train en route for home, all his doubts and fears returned with redoubled intensity, and by the time the house was reached he felt more hopeless about it than ever.

The uncle theory, he decided, was ridiculous; he must have been mad to have thought of such a thing. No, it was as clear as daylight she was fond of some other chap. No doubt she liked him well enough, just as an old friend, that's all.

He found a few letters lying on the hall table, also a small [illegible] glanced at the lot without turning them over. The [illegible] green envelope with a foreign [illegible] He picked it up, opened it, and read:

"France.

"Dear Darling: I heard [illegible] that you probably won't be coming again, so I'm posting you some [illegible] belongings that I've been keeping. I'm awfully sorry, old chap, that you've had such a rough trip, but cheer up! You can bet your rank-bars you'll be fit as a fiddle in no time. Only wish I could forget a bit! Hope you get the things all right. Yours,

"JIMMY MESSENGER."

"And who the devil is Jimmy Messenger?" he wondered.

He put his hands to his head and

struggled to get a grip on the past. Sometimes he felt it to be very near—almost as if there was nothing but a thin curtain shrouding his memory; and then the curtain would recede, become thicker, and all would be as black as before. It was no use. He sighed, cut the string of the parcel, and removing the paper wrapping, withdrew a small cardboard box. He lifted the lid and turned out the contents. A couple of pipes, a tobacco pouch, a penknife, a fountain pen and—"Hullo, what the deuce——" He picked up a small silver object and closely examined it. "Little chap's lost his head," he thought. Then faintly he seemed to hear Bay speaking: "I'm the girl who has the head!" and as in a dream he answered: "I'm the man who keeps his body and soul!"

He shut his eyes and stood perfectly still, holding the figurine. A wonderful thing was happening—almost too wonderful to be true. Wave upon wave the past came surging back. He passed like a flash thru the forgotten years, and stood bewildered with joy as he realized that the "some one else" was himself; he was the man who——

Half an hour later Barbara, seated at the piano in the Daintons' drawing-room, heard the door open. She played on, thinking her mother had entered. Somebody crossed the room, and, standing behind her, spoke gently: "I'm the man who has remembered, little one!"

She turned swiftly and found herself a prisoner. One quick look into the gray eyes, and, with a little choking sigh of utter happiness, she whispered: "I'm the girl who can't breathe, but, oh, Jim, it's wonderful!"

Lively Meeting.

"WE LADIES had the most awful time at the convention today!" declared Mrs. Jellybean as she removed her hat.

"Of course you did," responded Jellybean intelligently.

"A dog strolled into the hall and laid himself down exactly in the middle of one of the aisles and went to sleep and snored so loud that I couldn't hear a single word of the argument! So I got up and said: 'Madam President, we must get rid of this dog!'

"Was I out of order in interrupting the discussion?"

"You were," replied Jellybean. "The question was out of order. The dog had the floor."

"Anyway, the discussion was suspended pending the removal of the dog. We couldn't get him out. We coaxed, we commanded, we prodded him judiciously with the points of our shoes, but he would not budge. Then Mrs. Lifter, the piano mover's wife, grabbed him by the collar and tried to drag him out, but he planted all four feet stiffly and held back so hard that even Mrs. Lifter couldn't move him."

"I should think," said the intelligent Mr. Jellybean, even more intelligently, "that a piano mover's wife should be able to do a job like that A woman whose husband is accustomed to moving great big unwieldy things like pianos that are usually bigger than the doors he has to put them thru would be able to move a little thing like a dog thru a door that was plenty big enough to permit easy egress."

"Yes, we thought so too, and said as much to Mrs. Lifter. We asked her whether the dog couldn't be carried out like a piano, but she said she thought it wasn't practicable. She said her husband usually wrapped the piano's legs up in all kinds of swaddling clothes before moving it, and that on some occasions the piano was taken apart and moved in sections, which didn't seem advisable in the case of the dog.

"However, she suggested that it might be moved like a table, which would be a much simpler method——"

"Yes!" said Jellybean. "I should think he could have been moved tablewise, unless he happened to be a biting dog. Was he a biter?"

"No, only a sleeper and scratcher, and the scratching was done with so much thumping and the sleeping with such lour snores that the people near him couldn't hear a word of what was going on. But we finally did get rid of him by the table moving method, that is to say, we inverted him and he was carried out by a committee of four ladies appointed by the president, a lady for each leg."

"And," added Jellybean, "as he couldn't scratch with a lady carrying him by each leg, I suppose he merely slept in transit." This shows what wonderful intuition Jellybean had.

Hopeless Case.

PASSING a hand over his forehead, the worried drill sergeant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger.

"No," he declared, "you're hopeless. You'll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top 'alf of your legs is standing to attention, an' the bottom 'alf is standin' at ease!'

A Rolling Stone

By Frank Filson

[Copyright.]

"HENCEFORWARD, I'll be a rolling stone no more," said Frank Latham, as he stepped out of the train at Eppingham. "I'm going to get a job and stick to it. I'm 26, and it's time I settled down somewhere. Eppingham's good enough for me. I'll become a local magnate and own half the town, and be an influence in the county, and maybe I'll go into politics and perhaps wind up as Governor, or even——"

"Hey, young feller! Get out of that!"

It was a sad awakening from his dream. Frank had inadvertently stepped off the road and into the flower beds of a real local magnate, to judge from the splendor of the house and the extensive grounds. And when one is in old clothes one must dream carefully.

With a low apology, Frank turned to make off. But the elderly gentleman who had shouted to him came running up, wild with excitement.

"What do you mean by walking over my geranium beds?" he demanded furiously.

"I beg your pardon," said Frank. "I didn't think where I was going."

"You don't have to explain that," said the man wrathfully. "Get out of here, and don't let me see your face again, or I'll have you run out of town. I'll know you next time we meet," he added.

Frank made off; there was nothing else to do, in fact. A little way down the street he stopped to ask a native who owned the big place.

"That's Mr. Stone," said the man, grinning. "I guess you've heard of him, haven't you?"

"The man who's digging the big dam?"

"That's him, sure."

"Confound it," thought Frank. For he had come to Eppingham, investing his last ten dollars on the train fare, because he heard that there was to be unlimited work on Mr. Stone's dam.

He had been gently born, but he had not made the most of his opportunities. The call of the road was imperative to him. Again and again he had settled down, only to fling up his position and try elsewhere. But now, after a run of hard luck which had reduced him to a position which he had never contemplated before, Frank was glad enough of the chance of a position at day laborer's wages. And he had ruined everything by his dreaming!

"I'll give up. Fate's against me!" said Frank angrily.

He turned out of Eppingham into the woods. Eppingham was the last station on the line, beyond it stretched a great expanse of State forest. It was early June, and summer was calling. Frank could have spent the whole summer in a camp without a qualm. He resolved to strike the trail on the chance of picking up summer work at a club or bungalow.

He had gone about a mile when he was startled to hear screams from the bend of the trail. A moment later there appeared a young woman, mounted on a bay horse, which was evidently running away with her. She was holding on for dear life, and the horse had a frightened look; also his ears lay flat back against his head.

Frank did not hesitate an instant. He leaped forward and planted himself in the middle of the roadway. As the horse reared he caught at the bridle. It dragged him several yards and stopped puffing and snorting. Still holding the bridle, Frank extended his hand to the frightened girl, who collapsed in a heap upon the ground before him.

"It was a bear frightened my horse," she gasped. "He has never run away with me before."

It was some minutes before she was able to stand on her feet, and then she was trembling all over. Frank thought he had never seen such a pretty girl before.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," she said. "Father hates to have me go riding by myself, but I always laughed at him. I shall know better in future."

"You must let me see you home," said Frank gallantly.

"I can't ride Polyphemus again——"

"If you like, I'll lead him home for you," said Frank.

The suggestion proved agreeable and, as the girl was at length recovering from her fright, they set off along the road together. Frank holding the bridle and the girl at his side. As they chatted gaily, all his past life rose up to confront him. What a fool he had been, a regular rolling stone, when he could have settled in this town long before and known girls like this.

He told her as much, and indicated so strongly his meaning that the girl looked like a peony when they reached the outskirts of Eppingham. Yet he could see that she was not displeased with him.

"Why don't you settle here and try?" she asked.

"Would you allow me to see you again?"

"The future will tell," she answered enigmatically. "But, honestly, if you are looking for employment, my father would be only too pleased to offer you something, I know. He is always looking for suitable men, men who will stay with him. You see, he is the largest employer of labor in the county."

She Was Holding On for Dear Life.

At this moment Frank perceived the old gentleman of the flower-beds coming toward them at a brisk walk. Seeing the girl with Frank, and the latter leading the horse, he stopped in pardonable astonishment.

"Father!" exclaimed the girl. "This gentleman was good enough to rescue me when Polyphemus ran away. He was frightened by a bear, father—and you were right, and I shall never disobey your wishes again. Let me introduce you to my father, Mr. ——," she added.

"Latham," said Frank. "I think we've met before," he added to the father, a little sheepishly.

"Young man," said Stone, "I reckon that I see a new face every minute. If we have met, you must pardon me for not recognizing you. I cannot thank you enough for saving my daughter. Is there nothing I can do to show my appreciation?"

"Mr. Latham spoke of staying here, father," said the girl, looking at Frank meaningly.

"You like our little town?" asked Mr Stone.

"I love it," answered Frank. "Yes, if I can find any office work in town——"

"Are you a sticker?" asked the other. "Or just a rolling stone? I only have stickers about me."

"I can stick like a leach," answered Frank grimly.

"Are you a stenographer?"

"Yes, I have done that work."

"Because I happen to want a secretary at fifteen hundred dollars," replied Mr Stone. And it is difficult to get a really competent man to stay in Eppingham."

"If you would try me——" Frank began.

And it did not need the look from his daughter to induce Mr. Stone to close with the offer. So well did Frank stick, indeed, that it was less than a year before wedding bells indicated that the attachment had become a family one.

Honors Are Easy.

"MY BROTHER is a loo-tenant," said Patsy.

"My brother is a capting," announced Harry.

"And my brother is the best of all," said Johnny. "He runs the grub wagon."

Send Nuxated Iron To Your Boy In Camp

General Gibson Says He Feels that Every Soldier Who Goes To The Front Should Take Nuxated Iron. Dr. James Francis Sullivan Explains Why It Helps to Increase Strength and Endurance and Build Up Weak, Nervous, Run-down Folks.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "I have personally found it of such great value as a tonic, strength and blood builder that I believe if General Gibson's advice were followed many of our fighting men would find it of great benefit. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping increase strength, energy and endurance.

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico, and he feels that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron.

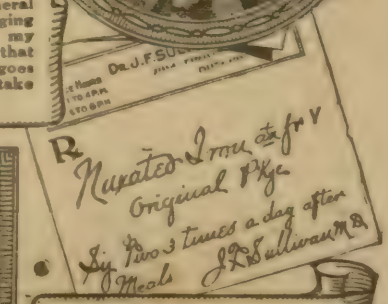
Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run-down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list. General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."

And then there is Judge Samuel S. Yoder, Statesman, Jurist and for 18 years a practicing physician—formerly Surgeon Major in the Army and now Commander in Chief of the Union Veteran Union, who says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70 as I am it is just as certain, just as efficacious as to the youth in his teens."

General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (retired), who entered the City of Mexico in the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott. General Gibson says: "Judging from the results in my own case, I feel that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan Formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.



The above is Dr. Sullivan's prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.

It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed by Dr. Sullivan, and which has been used by Generals Gibson, Gordon, Clem, Judge Yoder and others with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy but one which is well-known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.

For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

An Old Favorite.

DOTTED swiss, that dainty and desirable summer fabric, is back in favor again this year and seems only second to organdie in feminine regard. Dotted swiss always seems to follow the lead of ruffles, so perhaps it is because little ruffles are being used on summer frocks that dotted swiss makes its reappearance. At any rate, the summer afternoon dresses of filmy dotted swiss, made with flounces and tunics edged with two inch hemmed ruffles, are distractingly feminine and charming. Most of these cool little frocks have very simple bodices, cut round at the neck and fastened down the back or crossed at the front in surplice fashion, with a frill trimmed shawl collar or fichu. Sleeves are quite short, scarcely to the elbow, and have two or three tiny hemmed ruffles for trimming. Could anything be daintier or more alluringly youthful than such a little frock of ruffled dotted swiss worn with a sash of soft satin ribbon in some delicate tint?

Cape Pajamas.

JUST why a deep cape with a burnoose hood is supposed to add attractiveness to a pajama negligee it is rather hard to comprehend, but at least the cape lends that novelty and piquancy which woman is always eager for. The new cape pajama is made of crepe de chine in flesh pink shade and jacket and breeches have deep hems of Georgette crepe in rose color. These hems outline the pockets and border the elbow sleeve, as well as running around all the edges of the jacket. The cape, with its deeply looped burnoose hood, is of the Georgette and falls from the shoulders well below the coat edge.

Footing.

FOOTING fits in so well with the very simple fashion of the season that it is no wonder this dainty trimming is in high favor this year.

A lovely little frock is made of fine white silk net in a design of artful simplicity. The gathered skirt is tucked in two inch tucks set six inches apart and on the edge of each tuck is a two inch band of black net footing.

The sleeves (just to the elbow) are edged with black footing, and so is a deep, demure fichu, drawn down over the shoulders into a sash.

And the sash? It is of ciel blue faille silk, with four bands of footing on each sash end.

Don't Waste Your Yarn.

IT SOMETIMES becomes necessary to ravel the work of an amateur knitter, and in these days of scarcity and high price of yarn no one wishes to waste it. It is marked and mussed up by the previous knitting, however, and new work made from this yarn is not very satisfactory. Try this: Wind yarn in skeins, place in steamer for five or ten minutes, then let dry thoroly before rewinding. The yarn will be found as soft and fluffy as new.

Dainty Little Frock.

ONE of the dantiest frocks shown in an establishment which caters to children is of pale pink Georgette crepe. Its skirt is very full and untrimmed, but corded at the bottom. The waist is almost as simple as the skirt, but has loops of narrow blue ribbon and rosebud finishing the high waisting at the front.

Sleeveless Coats.

AMONG the materials that France offers to America in the building of sleeveless coats is a corded silk and wool poplin. It used to be worn by us. It was made into frocks and wraps and turned out in those dolmans that were trimmed with bugles and paillettes and edged with fur.

Organdie Blouse.

ORGANDIE printed in little colored checks and also ornamented with lines of colored stitching, making an allover design, is being used for some of the most attractive new blouses. Colored hemstitching also is a feature much used.

Substitute.

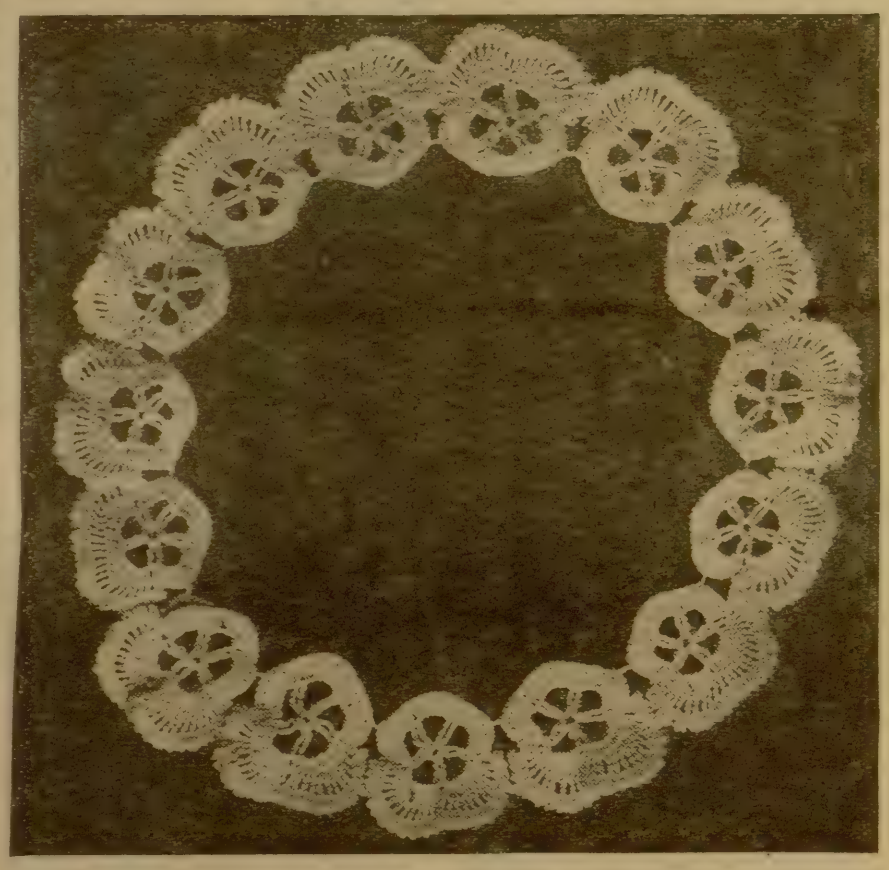
AN OLD carpet may be used as a substitute for linoleum. It should be thoroly mended and any thin places repaired, after which it is carefully tacked to the floor.

For Identification.

WRITE your name and address on one of the broad steels inside your corset with ink. This is a valuable means of identification in case of accident.

Doily of Circle of Pansies

BY ELIZABETH BERNE



THIS border of pansies makes an attractive and serviceable edge for a single doily or for an entire luncheon set. It can be made of white, lavender, or of various harmonizing shades of lavender mercerized crochet cotton. Start at the center with 5 ch sts, join forming a circle:

First row—5 ch sts, 1 t c into circle, * 5 ch sts, 2 t c, into circle, repeat * 3 times, forming 5 groups of t c, 5 ch sts, join, 3 ch sts.

Second row—* 12 d c over ch, 1 d c between t c, repeat * over each of the 5 loops, 3 ch sts.

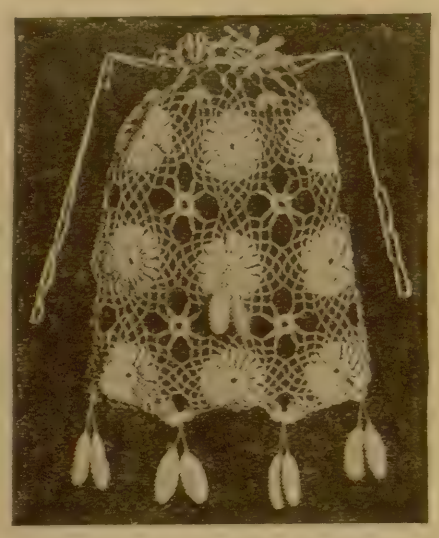
Third row—* 1 d c, 1 ch st, into each st, for the first 2 loops, 1 s c into each st of the remaining 3 loops.

Fourth row—1 ch st, 1 s c, over each ch of first 2 loops, turn.

Fifth row—3 ch st, 1 s c into each st of previous row, completing pansy.

On the last row of next pansy join as shown in the illustration; the circle may be as large or as small as is desired. Small doilies or pin cushion tops may be formed by joining 5 pansies together and repeating 1st row as a center without using any linen.

Summer Bag of Daisies



THIS bag is intended for use with a white wash dress. It is typical of the season, and being of wash material can always be spotless, a first requisite for any accessory to be worn with white. This requires three spools of size 30 Cordonnet crochet cotton, and white or colored sateen for the lining.

Start with 10 ch sts, join, forming a circle, 3 ch sts. First row—Sixty d c into this circle, join, 15 ch sts; second row—One s c into first d c of previous row, turn, 1 s c, 11 d c, over half of ch, * 9 ch sts, skip 2 d c, 1 s c, turn, 1 s c, 11 d c over ch, repeat * until you have 20 petals, 2 ch sts, join, completing flower; third row—* 9 ch sts, 1 s c over ch between petals, repeat *; fourth row —* 9 ch sts, 1 s c into fifth st of loop, repeat *; fifth row—repeat fourth row, break thread.

In making the next daisy on the fifth row join three loops to the corresponding loops of first daisy. When you have joined four flowers, fill the open space as follows: 20 ch sts, join into a circle, 1 ch st, 36 s c, into this circle.

Second Row—* 5 s c into 5 s c, 9 ch sts, 1 s c into fifth st of loop of daisy, 9 ch sts, 2 s c, 9 ch sts, 1 s c into next loop of daisy, 9 ch sts, repeat * three times. When the bag is completed, for the top, make * 1 cl of 3 t c over center of loop, 9 ch sts, repeat * for 3 loops, 13 ch sts, 1 cl over each of 2 loops on this flower and 2 loops on next flower, bring the 4 cls to one center st, 3 ch sts, 1 s c into the fourth of the 13 ch sts, 9 ch sts, repeat *; second row—* 1 cl, 9 ch sts, repeat * for each loop; third row—repeat second row; fourth row—turn, * 9 ch sts, 1 s c, repeat for the next loop, turn, 18 s c over first loop, 9 s c over next loop, turn, 12 ch sts, catch into the 9th s c of first loop, turn, 25 s c over long loop, 9 s c over the remaining half of last loop, repeat *.

For the drops, make 5 ch sts, join, forming a circle. First Row—10 s c into this circle: second row—* 1 s c into first st, 2 s c into next st, repeat *; third row—1 s c into each st: fourth row—* 2 s c into the first st, 1 s c into each of the next 2 sts, repeat*; fifth row—repeat third row: sixth row—2 s c into the first st, 1 s c into each of the next 3 sts, continue 1 s c into each st for the next 10 rows, fill solid with cotton, pressing it down tight with the handle of crochet hook: seventeenth row—1 s c into each of the first 3 sts, then take up the front half of each of the next 2 sts, forming 1 s c, continue decreasing in this manner until you have but 2 sts, catch both together, make 9 ch sts, break thread. Make twelve of these drops. Make draw strings of ch sts.

Fasten Buttons.

TO SEW on buttons begin to sew on the right side and sew back and forth several times before you begin to sew thru the button. The knot will be under the button and not on the wrong side to be rubbed off in laundering. In sewing buttons on coats, sew over a match or toothpick and wrap thread for a shank.

Travelers' Cushion.

A CUSHION for travelers and autoists can be made more useful by enclosing it in a case made of dark blue or green demin. An opening is left in one side to be fastened together with snaps, and handles made of the same material are sewed to each side of the opening. While used as a cushion many small articles may thus be tucked out of sight. The handles make it convenient to carry

Discarded Curtains.

PRETTY sash curtains may be made from discarded long net ones. Cut the border off, work a design in the net by weaving in and out the meshes with coarse cotton. Many beautiful and original designs may be made. The work is very fascinating and so quickly done that only a short time is needed to make a curtain.

With a border worked lengthwise of the curtain and up the sides in a scalloped design and afterward cut out the curtain is full enough for an ordinary window. If it is not long enough loops may be crocheted in the top to run a rod in.

When washed and dipped in coffee to which a small amount of starch has been added roll up for an hour and iron on the wrong side. The result is a dainty and durable curtain at no cost and very little labor.

Cut old muslin curtains in strips a foot or more wide, using the good parts, hemmed on both sides, put a heading on the top and run a string in. Use on baby's bed with a dainty cover made out of the muslin and ruffled edge. Baby's bed will be very dainty.

Dictates of Fashion.

ORGANDIE ruffles trim a gingham frock.

One rose trims a turban very daintily.

Many capes are Chinese in inspiration.

Ribbon blouses are among the novelties.

A new sports fabric is of washable silk duck.

Pale pink is effective embroidered in yellow.

Crossbarred organdie makes a dainty blouse.

The old time fichu is revived for cotton dresses.

Rosewood is a color much used by the French.

There is a great deal of fringe used as trimming.

Knitting Help.

WHILE knitting front and back places of helmets with steel needles, one often has trouble with stitches being crowded off end of needle. Try slipping a cork (the small vial size) firmly on one end of needles and you will have no further trouble.

Some Attractive Baskets.

THE Frenchy little brocade covered baskets are always in good style for carrying your sewing and they go so beautifully with summer costumes that owning one is like a wonderful addition to your wardrobe.

Fooling the Farmer.

TWO large orchards, side by side, brought much profit to Farmer Turmut and much trouble, for the orchards were considered fair game by the boys of the village, and two orchards are harder to watch than one. One day, looking from one orchard to the other, Turmut saw a small boy shin down a tree and, uttering a word of warning to another imp still up among the apples, run off. Turmut reached that tree in record time.

"Got yer this time!" he roared to the boy almost hidden among the leaves. "Come down!"

Getting no answer and not being in a hurry, he sat down and waited. Time passed and still he waited, until a servant brought him a note that had just been dropped into the letter box. He did not wait after he had read it, as follows:

"Some people 'as apples, some 'as sense. You bin wotchin' a pair of trowsis stuffed with straw and we bin gettin' your apples from the nother orchard. Great victory for sense!"

Confusing to Mazie.

MAIZIE had a habit of making any mispronounced word a part of her vocabulary. When she heard the laundress say "cheer" she promptly said it, too.

"Not cheer," corrected mother. "Say chair."

So Maizie said chair and when the Sunday-school teacher asked the class to sing, and gave out, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," Mazie cried out, "My mamma says not to say cheer, you must say chair."

Ordered Him Out.

THE baby heard the Victrola, a man's voice surprising him. As it was the first time he had ever heard it he was very much interested.

He walked around the talking machine and looked in vain for an opening. He then lifted up his little foot, kicked the machine and exclaimed, "Det out of dere."

Melissa's New Experience

By Alice E. Ives

(Copyright.)

MISS MELISSA CRANE had lived alone in the red brick house in Locust street for over fifteen years. Living alone sometimes makes one sweeter, mellower, and more tolerant of his fellow creatures; but that is when he has hitched his "wagon to a star," or gone on the beautiful quest of finding his soul and that which naturally follows—the soul of all mankind. Miss Melissa had not given much time to either of these pursuits. If she had, this would be another story. She had been a decent, God-fearing woman, living strictly within the letter of the law. If she had ever had a love affair it was entirely unknown to any one in Barrington. Still, a good deal might have happened before then, as Melissa Crane was all of 30 when she came there. Certain it was that something in her life very like a tragedy had been caused by the drink habit, and had made Miss Crane strong in her denunciation of intemperance. She was a prominent officer in the W. C. T. U., and something of a factor in influencing the election which resulted in the town going "dry."

Old Hannah, who had gone faithfully for years, once a year to "clean up" for Miss Crane, probably knew more about that lady's affairs than any one else in Barrington. Oddly enough, Miss Crane was even at times confidential with her servitor, perhaps because she found she was like herself close-mouthed.

When Old Hannah was set to open up and clean a long disused bedroom, her curiosity got the better of her.

"Going to have company?" she ventured.

"No," answered Miss Crane. "It's a child." At the woman's astonished look she added: "I guess she must be more than 12. I didn't think to ask. Oh, dear! I don't know how I'm ever going to stand it; but I'll get her off to some good boarding school just as quick as I can."

"Have you adopted her?" still further ventured Hannah.

"Adopted her?" snorted Miss Crane, as tho asked if she had committed burglary. "Not at all. She's the child of a good-for-nothing half brother of mine. Her mother died about three years ago, and now he has been killed in an accident. Some one wrote to me about it. He hadn't left a penny, and they wanted to know what they could do with Ethel. Well, there didn't seem to be but one thing to do, and that was to send for her. I don't know any more about taking care of a child than—than nothing," sighed Miss Crane.

"Well, there," reassured Hannah, "I do; and if you want any help—if she gets croup or something you just send for me quick."

It was rather a pathetic little figure in black that landed at the door of the red brick house. When the appeal in the large brown eyes greeted Miss Crane she did something quite unexpected to herself; she put her arms around the child and kissed her. Miss Crane concluded she wasn't pretty, but she had "the makings" of good looks.

Ethel was not quite the untamed barbarian Miss Crane had expected, tho she had her quota of faults, and committed some of the usual childish misdemeanors. But she succeeded in penetrating the rather hard crust of Melissa's heart to the extent of not being packed off to a boarding school, and was suffered to continue her education on the home ground.

It was a sore trial to the elder woman when the girl she had learned to love as her own seemed to care for the company of Irvin Banks. Ethel was now 19. She had been graduated from the high school, and had been studying at an art academy, and was once more back in Barrington. She was bright, capable, and with a character that was developing both kindliness and force. The deep sense of obligation she had felt for her aunt had grown into love, and she was willing to make almost any sacrifice rather than bring sorrow into the life of the lonely woman. Miss Crane had legally adopted Ethel and she bore her name.

It was something of a shock to the girl when her aunt made known to her the aversion she felt toward Irvin Banks and her strong desire that she should not allow the acquaintance to go any farther.

"But why, aunty?" she urged. "What have you against him?"

"Don't you know what there is against him?" cried Miss Crane.

"Well—what?"

"Why, that boy took to drinking when he wasn't more than 18. He got in with a bad set and helped rob a store over in Redcliffe and got sent up for a year."

"There's Liquor in It!" She Cried.

"Yes, I know about that," said Ethel quietly.

Her aunt regarded her with speechless amazement. When she finally found breath to speak, she said: "You knew that? And yet you ask me what there is against him?"

"Yes, I knew it—he told me. But that was seven years ago. He has never touched liquor since. It was a terrible lesson. They got him so drunk that night he scarcely knew what he was doing. He watched outside, but he never entered the store. It was all right he should be punished. He feels that way, and says he is glad he was pulled up in time. You know what he has made of himself, the people all know, and most of them overlook what happened when he was nothing but a boy."

"Well," protested Miss Crane, "I must say I can't. I wouldn't lift a straw in his way. I'd help him any way I could, but when it comes to——"

She paused here as tho positively unable to contemplate the awful possibility of anything like familiarity with such a person.

"But just think!" cried the girl. "They have given him the position of first assistant among all the engineers in building the big bridge! Just imagine what they think of him in New York when they do that!"

"Yes, that's fine. I want to see him get along. But I don't want to see you get to caring enough for him to—to spoil your life."

"Spoil my life?" echoed the girl blankly.

"Yes. You can never tell when a man that's been a drunkard once will take to it again. You can't trust him. I'd rather die than see any one I cared for marry that sort of a man."

Ethel's affection for her aunt and her love for this man—for she knew now it was love—were so nearly crushing her in the warfare that she could say no more, and she brought the interview to an end by making an excuse to go to her room.

Irvin Banks lived with his sister, who had been one of the principal factors in helping him to rise to the position he now held. It was with his sister that Ethel had first met him. She was attracted by the good-looking young man with the high, firm carriage of the head, the straight gaze and the wholesome smile, and she was further held by his ability to say something worth while and saying it rather well. She had met him in his own home by invitation of his sister and had asked him to call. It was after his second visit, at both of which Miss Crane had pretended illness as an excuse for not appearing, that the lady had given her emphatic reasons for not wishing him to call again.

Ground between the millstones of her "divided duty," Ethel sought the counsel of Mary Banks.

"Aunt Melissa has been to me a second mother. I love her very dearly. How can I go dead against her wishes. I—I must ask him not to call again," Ethel said.

"And do you think Irvin will let it go at that?" cried his sister. "Maybe you don't know what this means to him."

Ethel's heart gave a big throb. She knew what it meant to her. In the meeting of their eyes the sister knew.

"Will you ask your aunt to come and see me?" she said.

"Oh, she never would," asserted Ethel.

"Not if she could help it, of course," rejoined Mary. "But you've got to put your foot down and be firm. Just say you can't tell him not to call and you'd be likely to see him in other places anyway. If she wants to shut off all communication between you and Mr. Irvin Banks the only way is to come and lay the case before his sister."

Ethel looked dubious, but promised to be firm, and the two conspirators parted.

Miss Crane stoutly protested she would do nothing of the kind, but as relations remained decidedly strained she concluded it was the only way to conclude peace.

The day she had appointed to call on Miss Banks was cold and blustering, and snow began to fall heavily while she was on the way. She had to walk nearly a mile, and she arrived at the Banks cottage chilled, wet and bedraggled. Mary Banks met her with such cheerly cordiality and took off her wet wraps with such solicitude for her health, making her sit very near the fire to dry her feet, and talking pleasantly all the time that her caller found it difficult to make an opening for her errand. At last she got up courage to begin.

"Miss Banks, I am——"

"Just a minute, Miss Crane! Let me get you something warm!"

Miss Crane protested she did not need anything, but suddenly Miss Banks regarded her with deep alarm. "Oh!" she cried, "how badly you look! Why, you are having a chill! There is so much pneumonia about! I shall get you something at once."

Miss Crane admitted she was still cold, and allowed her to have her own way.

"It's just a little hot lemonade," she said, handing the tall tumbler to her guest.

Miss Crane, already alarmed about her condition, took a long draft of the mixture. Suddenly she set it down with a frightened look at the other woman. "There's liquor in it," she cried.

"Oh, only the least bit. If you had a doctor here he'd make you take it. You'll have pneumonia if you don't."

Miss Crane, now thoroly frightened, swallowed the whole of it. It was really a very liberal allowance of "old rye," and not being used to intoxicants she was soon conversing glibly and feeling very much at home with her hostess. Mary showed her brother's picture and regaled her with his wonderful achievements. Miss Crane quite forgot what she had come for and invited them both to call. Mary telephoned for a conveyance and sent her guest home happy.

Ethel received the unexpected news with astonishment, but the next instant became aware that Miss Crane had been having too much. The next day a very miserable, repentant woman met her at breakfast. "I've got to resign from the W. C. T. U.," she said. "I'll never be able to look any of them in the face again. I guess I needn't have been quite so hard on Irvin Banks. I haven't anything more to say against his coming."

The Retort Courteous.

PADDY was only about three weeks landed somewhere in the United States when one day he made up his mind to procure a pig's head for his dinner, as a reminder of ould Ireland. However, on his arrival at a large provision store he inadvertently took the wrong entrance and consequently reached the apartments of an English professor of philosophy instead. Mistaking the latter for the manager of the provision concern, Paddy politely asked him for a nice pig's head. The professor, a man whose egotism was in proportion to his learning, replied sarcastically: "Oh, I only sell asses' heads." "Faix, then," says Paddy, "you must have a great demand for them, for I only see one left."

* * *

Too Ambitious.

"It's all right to keep up your end, my boy."

"Well?"

"But it's utter folly and certain ruin to try to hoist your end just a little higher than anybody else."

Rheumatism

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The Story of a Dog.

"GENTLY, gently!" shouted the expressman to the two men who were shoving the baggage around in the car, to make room for another crate, containing a very small and a very dirty Spitz puppy. "Can't you see that pup's scared?" And he lifted the box up in his arms, and talked in a low, comforting tone to the little bright-eyed animal, who had backed up in the corner of his crate.

The train, just pulling out of Buffalo for New York, started with a lurch and a shriek; the Airedale, who was not in a crate but was tied to a ring in the floor, began to bark furiously.

"Must be a dog show 'long the line somewhere," put in one of the men.

"No," returned the express agent; "it is 'Be Kind to Animals' week, but I don't think there's any dog show on. We just happen to have a number of dogs this trip. You can be mighty glad that people are learning to ship their animals so they reach their destination before Saturday night. I only wish they all did."

"What do you mean?" inquired one of the men, in search of a story.

"So often people ship dogs, say on Saturday noon or Saturday morning, for a day and a half journey, and the poor things have to be in some express station over Sunday. You know, the rules are that the stationmaster can't feed or water animals in the station.

"Some of the fellows would give them water anyway, but generally the men would be too busy to bother about something that wasn't their business; they wouldn't even know that a crate with a dog in it was stowed away with the rest of the express, and there the animals would be. Some people have learned this now, and they are particular about their animals being shipped so as to reach their destination the same day. Of course, when it is a long journey, they should make provision for the exercising and feeding of their pets. It's a queer thing, sometimes, how people take so much thought of their pets at home, but have so little consideration when they ship them off."

"Fine crate that collie's got," exclaimed one of the expressmen, motioning to the big box, with its corners curved, so that if the dog were thrown over, there would be no sharp corners for him to hit.

"Yes, and look at the size of it, too. Half the shippers put their dogs into such cramped-up quarters."

The occupant of this "private car de luxe," as the trainmen called it, was trying to tell the men that it had cost his mistress a pretty penny, with its smooth polished slats, its mattress, drinking bowl and wide, well-hung door; but they did not hear him, not being really conversant with his manner of speech.

One of the baggagemen left the express car, while the express agent and his assistant got out their report sheets and records. As the train sped along, with only an occasional whistle, the Airedale settled down, the little Spitz crept out of his corner, and the cocker spaniel, whose crate was on a shelf above where the Airedale was tied, poking his nose out and said to his traveling companion below:

"You know, I like that man. I wish all the fellows in cars were as thoughtful."

"So do I," returned the Airedale. "What's your name and how far are you going?"

"My name is Chum. I don't know how far I'm going, but my mistress said I'd get there in time for my supper, and that my master 'd meet me. I'm going to their new summer home, too. My people have been out in California, and I was sent to a friend's house where they'd never had the care of a dog before; they fussed over me so that I've been about frantic. I'll be so grateful to get back where they understand dogs."

The Spitz puppy looked over wistfully at the two dogs, talking so sociably. He put his two little paws thru his crate, by way of attracting their attention, but they didn't see him. They were busy talking about the collie at the far end of the car.

"He looks very splendid. I wish they'd move us nearer to him," said the Airedale, waving his paw in the direction of the collie, by way of explaining to Chum whom he meant by "he."

"Why don't you bark to him? He'd hear you, even above this noise. I can't speak loudly enough."

So the Airedale obediently barked forth. "Hello, collie! What's your name and where are you from?" But all that the golden dog caught was "Hello, collie," for the train was rounding a curve and gave a terrific whistle that entirely drowned the rest of Roger's salutation.

The collie, as soon as the noise subsided, called back, "Hello yourselves," and waved his plumelike tail most cordially. Then he remembered that collies should carry their tails down, and, anyway, he was aware that the tip of his, of which his mistress was ordinarily so proud, was dusty and full of cinders.

Right here the collie spied, for the first time, the Spitz; having a particularly warm corner in his heart for small dogs, he barked a welcome. "Hello, puppy; what's your name?" The Spitz, so pleased at being noticed by any dog and especially by this handsome creature in the wonderful crate, showed his glee by wiggling all over and answering as loudly as he could, "My name is Snowball."

When the baggageman came and the two expressmen had finished their writing, they decided that the dogs would be more contented if they were all at the same end of the car, so that was how Roger, who was not in a crate, was able to stand up on his hind legs, and read the letter framed and tacked on the collie's crate. He read it aloud to the two smaller dogs. And this was the letter which, for five days, had so entertained the trainmen and station men, and had made them all feel kindly toward the animals who were traveling under their care:

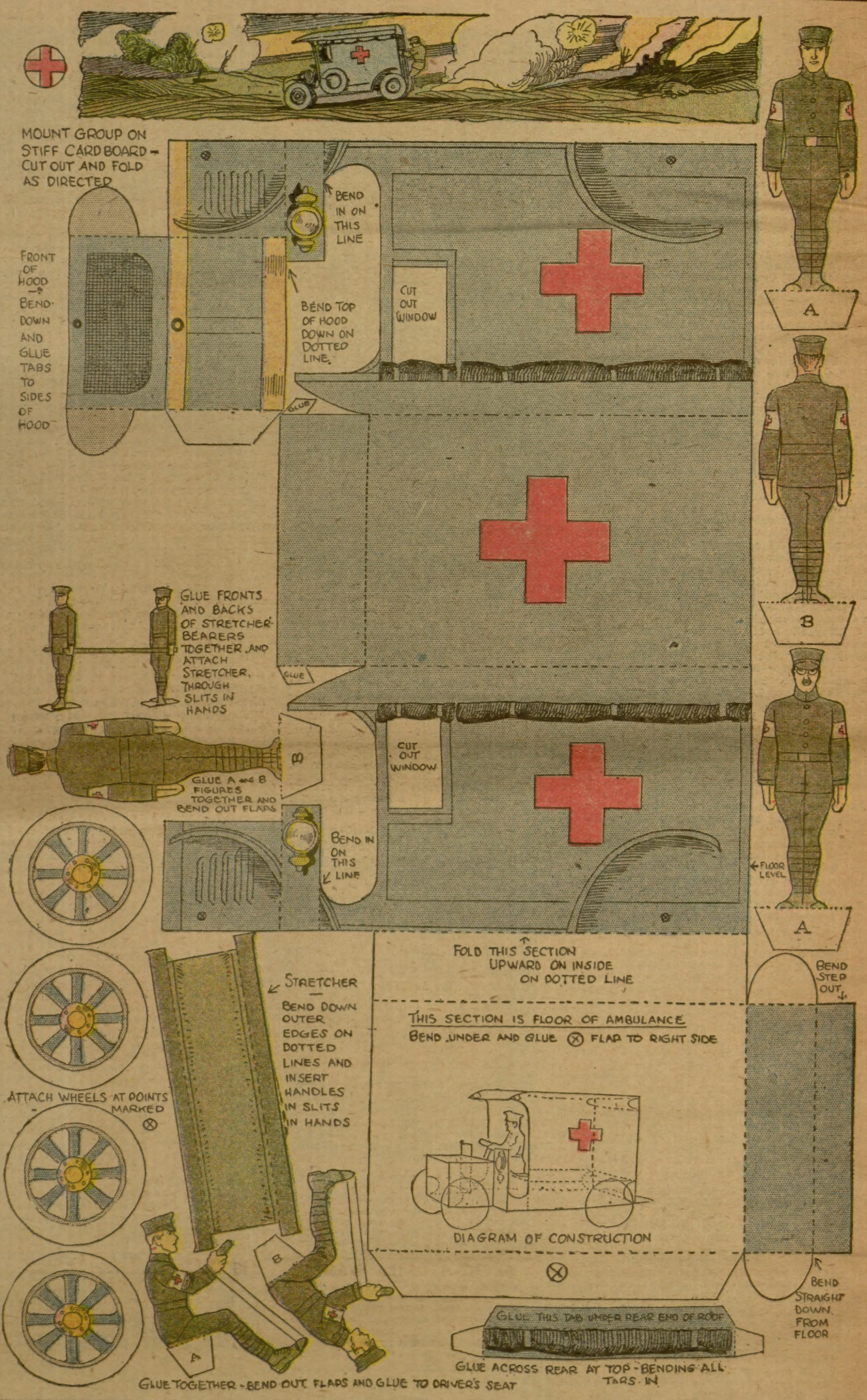
"To Trainmen, Baggage-master, Express Agents and Friends:

"My Very Good Friends: I am going on a long journey, and, not being accustomed to traveling, am naturally a bit frightened. But not because I do not trust you, for I do with all my heart, because, as you know, a dog has a heart as well as a man, and I am one of the best friends a man ever had.

"I know that you will be good to me. Won't you please give me plenty of fresh water every day? But please do not feed me until after I leave Chicago for New York. The reason I ask this is that when I get to Nampa, Idaho, I

LOOK CHILDREN! HERE'S FUN FOR YOU!

To Get the Best Results You Should First Paste This Drawing on Cardboard or Stiff Wrapping Paper. Then Follow Directions and You Will Have a Nobby Red Cross Ambulance Cut-out.


MOUNT GROUP ON STIFF CARDBOARD - CUT OUT AND FOLD AS DIRECTED
BEND IN ON THIS LINE
FRONT OF HOOD - BEND DOWN AND GLUE TABS TO SIDES OF HOOD
BEND TOP OF HOOD DOWN ON DOTTED LINE.
CUT OUT WINDOW
GLUE
GLUE FRONTS AND BACKS OF STRETCHER-BEARERS TOGETHER AND ATTACH STRETCHER THROUGH SLITS IN HANDS
CUT OUT WINDOW
GLUE A and B FIGURES TOGETHER AND BEND OUT FLAPS
BEND IN ON THIS LINE
FLOOR LEVEL
A
B
A
FOLD THIS SECTION UPWARD ON INSIDE ON DOTTED LINE
BEND STEP OUT
STRETCHER - BEND DOWN OUTER EDGES ON DOTTED LINES AND INSERT HANDLES IN SLITS IN HANDS
THIS SECTION IS FLOOR OF AMBULANCE
BEND UNDER AND GLUE ⊗ FLAP TO RIGHT SIDE
ATTACH WHEELS AT POINTS MARKED ⊗
DIAGRAM OF CONSTRUCTION
BEND STRAIGHT DOWN FROM FLOOR
GLUE THIS TAB UNDER REAR END OF ROOF
GLUE ACROSS REAR AT TOP - BENDING ALL TABS IN
GLUE TOGETHER - BEND OUT FLAPS AND GLUE TO DRIVER'S SEAT

will be met by my good friend, Paul Harris, who will personally conduct me to Chicago, and will look after my food, because he knows just how much and what kind I like. From Chicago I will go by express to New York, where my very dear mistress will meet me. Her address is Miss Patricia Parkman, —— Riverside Drive, New York City. She is the very best woman in the world (to me) and treats me as I wish every dog in the world could be treated.

"I would like to have one good, square meal a day and no more. I like eggs, potatoes, gravy, carrots and some other vegetables, and a bone, if it is convenient. I have some dog biscuit bones, but, of course, those do not fool me in the least.

"Please call me Pat. That is the name that everybody calls me, altho of course, I have one of those great long names inherited from my much beribboned Scottish ancestors, who were great people for blue ribbons, gold medals at bench shows and all that sort of thing; but, as for me, I prefer the name everybody calls me by, Patrick Dennis Parkman, even if it does sound a trifle Irish, of which I am not ashamed.

"The best thing in life, it seems to me, is to be loved, and so I just enjoy best to love everybody.

"Maybe you will enjoy reading this little letter, tacked on top of my 'private car.' Thank you. PAT."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

True.

LITTLE Richard's mother took him for a visit to his grandparents. When bedtime approached he was instructed to kiss each of his relatives good night. He hesitated when he came to his grandfather, who wore a long, heavy beard. "Aren't you going to tell grandfather good night, dear?" his mother asked.

"No, mother, I can't," was the reply; "there isn't any face to tell him."

Pa's Non-Society Son-In-Law

(Continued From Page 11.)

ironically, "that you have Mrs. Bradford's consent?"

"I regret that I have not," Buchanan answered. "In fact you know I have not. You know that Mrs. Bradford would never consent."

"Yet you violate our hospitality by making love to our daughter."

Buchanan flushed. "I had her love before I came here," he protested.

Belva nodded in confirmation, and her father reproved her with a stern glance. "But you knew," he continued to Buchanan, "that you could never marry her?"

"I did not," Buchanan cried, with a fiercely pleading gesture, "and I do not know it now. A man is not a man who will not fight for the girl he loves."

"So!" breathed Mr. Bradford. And measuring Buchanan from head to foot he asked: "Even if you have to elope with her?"

"If all else fails, yes," Buchanan answered fearlessly. "I am sorry, tho," he added, "that you compel me to say it."

Mr. Bradford laughed grimly. "And you would support her on love, I suppose," he taunted, "for I know your bank account is nil."

"Only for a month or more," Buchanan cried, momentarily disconcerted. "Otherwise, I would run away with her now," he said in a tone of defiance.

"Why don't you?"

Being taunted, Buchanan answered recklessly. "Loan me a thousand and I will."

Mr. Bradford's eyes expressed surprise. "Uh huh, I see"—his voice being inflected with keen sarcasm—"Uh huh, and so you would live off the family tree."

"You don't believe that, cried Buchanan, "for you know I am too d—d independent."

"Enough, sir," exclaimed Mr. Bradford. "I will have you sent to the village at once. You can get a car there for the city."

Motioning Belva to follow him, he turned away in stern austerity, leaving Buchanan in anger and bewilderment.

Shadows of twilight were deepening into the darker shades of dusk when Buchanan entered the house. The Bradfords were in the library discussing him. They heard him enter; and Mrs. Bradford—unable to withstand the temptation—went into the hallway and gave expression to opinions and convictions under which Buchanan writhed in misery. Having relieved her feelings, she haughtily retired.

Stunned by the attack, Buchanan sought his room to get his bag and to leave. Thrust in the handle of the bag he found an envelope. Opening it, and divining its obvious purpose, he laughed aloud, boisterously, hilariously. Seizing pencil and paper he wrote a note of two full pages. Then he crept stealthily to the upper corridor to Belva's room. Turning the knob softly, he heard some one moving. Being thus assured that she was there, he pushed the note underneath the door and fled back down the stairs.

In the first fall of darkness he left the house alone and afoot, declining the proffered lift to the village, tho Mrs. Bradford—as a matter of courtesy—protested that he accept it. She witnessed his departure with a sensation of delight.

At 10 o'clock Buchanan called them on the telephone from the city. He told them that Belva was with him and that they would be married the next day. Instantly consternation reigned in the Bradford home. Mrs. Bradford was furious. Breathing threats and maledictions, she drove Mr. Bradford away to hunt for the elopers. She urged him to spare no expense to catch them before they married. And Mr. Bradford took up the hunt. He went to his club in the city, where—most unrighteously—he played cribbage until Monday morning.

"Thank God!" he confided to an intimate friend; "at last I have a reliable, non-society son-in-law. I invested a thousand dollars to get him."

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A Great Tragedy.

THEY were at the "movies"—Mrs. Jones and her daughter—to see their star boarder perform. In the first act he had jumped down a precipice in the nick of time and the villain said "Foiled." In the second act the hero escaped from prison by making a rope out of almost nothing and the villain said "Foiled again!" In the third act the man escaped by disguising himself and the villain said something more, and the Joneses sat spellbound.

But in the fourth act the villain, goaded to desperation, challenged the hero to a combat and in a moment the latter lay on the ground, dead!

Then Mary Jones burst into tears. "Oh, mother, mother," she cried. "What will we do? He's been and Rilled our best boarder!"

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His View of War.

"PAPA, when I am old enough may I go to France to fight?"

"Silly goose," said sister, "the war will be over by that time."

"Well, I can fight by my ownself, can't I. There isn't any war here, but lots of us fight; but teacher says it is more noble to fight for France."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—TO TRAVEL BY AUTOMOBILE, introducing our big line of fast summer sellers. The greatest line on earth. Make $10 a day easy. Complete outfit and automobile furnished to workers. Write at once for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 3354 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. HA, 425 Broadway, New York.

BOYS—GIRLS—EARN THRIFT STAMPS. Be the first in your locality, send your name and we will send 30 bottles of high grade perfume to sell at 10c each. When sold send $2.00. You keep $1.00. Eckhoff Laboratory, 2018 Grand St., St. Paul, Minn.

$2.95 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER pants—Worth $6.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents, part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association, Dept. B.-447, 515 So. Franklin St., Chicago.

WONDERFUL CHANCE TO GET MEN'S shirts and furnishings wholesale, or make $10 a day as agent or start a real business. Write quick. Goodell & Co., 59 Duratex Bldg., New York.

AGENTS—$50 WEEKLY PROFIT. FREE samples. Gold letters for initials on automobiles and store windows. Easily applied. Special offer to general agents. American Monogram Co., Dept. "M," Newark, New Jersey.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

$10 TO $15 PER DAY HANDLING NEW household articles. Big war time sellers. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Dept. W. 56, Duo Co., Attica, N. Y.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. FLAGS, U. S. SERVICE FLAGS, BUT-tons, etc. Big demand. Catalog free. Luttrell Co., 330 River St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANTED — IMMEDIATELY—MEN, WOM-en, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T29, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

WANTED—IMMEDIATELY—GIRLS, WOM-en, 18 or over. $100 month. Thousands U. S. Government war positions open. Write immediately for free list. Franklin Institute, Dept. T27, Rochester, N. Y.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE-paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR-ough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 696 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COM-plete moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED—STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 353, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

PHOTOPLAYS

$100 WEEKLY WRITING PHOTOPLAYS. Complete instructions, 25c. W. Gifford, Sea Girt, New Jersey.

MEDICAL

TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

SEND FOR FREE TREATMENT—WORST forms of blood disease—guaranteed. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PRODUCING OIL COMPANY NOW ON PAY-ing basis offers investors an opportunity to join successful oil operators and business men of the highest standing in operating valuable oil leases. One producing well in heart of rich Goose Creek fields; another drilling on same lease almost completed. More than 100 acres controlled in other oil fields. Until next well comes in you can buy shares at $15 a share, cash or liberal payment terms. Capital $500,000. Write today for references, illustrated prospectus and maps of oil fields, free. Imperial Petroleum Company, 223 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES AND HOLDS for 30 days 1,000 shares at present price. Producing wells guaranteed under guarantee, issued by two national banks. Money-Back Oil Co., 437 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Agents wanted.

INVESTIGATE US—THAT'S ALL WE ASK, then invest $1 few months, get Warranty Deed to land that may pay $200 monthly in oil profits. Write today. Free maps. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

PATENTS

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR IN-vention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent. References: Dun, Bradstreet and Washington Mechanics' Bank. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

MEDICAL PLANTS

ROOTS AND HERBS: HOW TO GATHER, where to sell. Collectors' prices book, postpaid, only 20c. Medical Plant Co., Box 9, West Milan, N. H.

SONG POEMS

WRITE US WORDS FOR A SONG. WE'LL compose music—facilitate free publication. Send verses on love, war, any subject. Fairchild Music Co., 203 Broadway, 16-G, New York.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

WRINKLES REMOVED—NO MASSAGING, creams, lotions or plasters, send 25c for package Naturezone, guaranteed to remove every wrinkle and fine line from face by nature's own method, or money refunded. Russell Cummings Co., Dept. 21, 750 East 47th St., Chicago.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, strictures, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN COR-respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 526, Valley, Nebr.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL-ist, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOKS OF MOSES. Egyptian secrets. Black art; other rare books. Catalog free. Star Book Co., E. 202, Camden, N. J.

"KAISER BILL'S LAST WILL AND TESTA-ment." The biggest hit since the war. Send ten cents (silver) today. Walter Overton, Oelwein, Iowa.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL," mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 196 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

"I'M READY" AND "MISS FATIMA" ARE fascinating, bewitching den pictures. Price 15c; both 25c. Sobchak Bros., Dunning, Ill.

WOULD YOU MARRY REFINED WIDOW worth $500,000? Address Mrs. Hill, 14 E. Sixth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

"WOMAN BEAUTIFUL" PHOTOGRAPHS. Fascinating poses. 5x7 sample sent sealed, 10c. Rick Co., Logansport, Ind.

Don't Send a Penny

Pick the bargain you want, mail only the coupon and we will ship any of these shoes prepaid. That is our special offer to let you see what stunning values these are. No matter how much others' prices are advancing, we are keeping our prices down to bed-rock and we prove it at our risk. But don't wait, don't hesitate a day because conditions are changing and we can't tell how long we can offer such bargains. Get your order in while the offer holds good. Just mark X in the coupon to show which shoes you want. Keep your money until the shoes come. Then pay the price quoted below. If you don't find the shoes satisfactory for any reason whatever and if not a wonderful bargain, send them back and we'll return your money. No fairer offer could be made. You make the decision. Act now, mail the coupon. Remember, you pay nothing until you get the shoes. No references asked—and no money now.

Order by No. 101 We Prepay Charges

Men's Dress Shoes

A value that seems unbelievable in the face of present conditions as you will see when you once inspect these shoes. Made of selected leather in gun metal. On popular swing toe last. Blucher style. Comfortable, substantial, long wearing, genuine oak leather soles—reinforced shank and cap. Military heel. Color black only. Sizes 6 to 11. Pay only $3.95 on arrival. If you don't find them the greatest dress shoe bargain return them and back goes your money.

Men's Work Shoe

A splendid city workers' shoe as well as for the modern farmer. Stylish lace Blucher last. Special tanning process makes the leather proof against the acid of milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc. Your choice of wide, medium or narrow. Very flexible, soft and easy. Made by a special process which gives wonderful wear-resisting quality. Double leather soles and heels. Dust and waterproof tongue. Heavy chrome leather top. Slip these on and see for yourself. Pay only $3.85 on arrival. Your money back if not satisfied.

Order by No. 103 We Prepay Charges

Blucher Dress Shoes

A very classy shoe—your choice of bal lace, or button or Blucher. Special gun metal calf leather with soft dull calf top. Genuine Goodyear welt. Solid leather Goodyear oak soles. Leather insoles. Splendid drill lining. Medium broad toe last. Reinforced shank and cap. Military heel. All sizes. Black only. Don't pay $6 or $7 for shoes. At least see these first. Pay only $4.65 on arrival. If they are not a stunning style and amazing value, send them back and we will return your money. State size, width and style you want, bal lace, button or Blucher. Send now while special price holds good.

Order by No. 105 We Prepay Charges

Great Army Shoe
Genuine Munson Last

Lace Blucher style. Specially tanned leather and built to stand hardest wear, wetting, etc. Stylish also. Smooth, soft, easy toe. Double oak solid leather soles and double wear leather heels. The same style as worn in the army—the genuine Munson last—wide, comfortable. Send and see what a wonderful shoe this is. Really an amazing value. Color, tan only. Sizes 6 to 13. When the shoes arrive pay only $4.30. If not satisfactory return them and we will refund your money.

Order by No. 104 We Prepay Charges

We Prepay Charges

For Women

High Top Lace

No need to pay $10 or $12 when you can get these shoes for about half. A stunning style and made for long service. Extra quality, full length leather tops. High, full leather French or Cuban heels, aluminum tipped. Smooth soft kid leather throughout. Notice the smart tip. All sizes. Color, tan, drab or black. You must see them to realize what a wonderful shoe this is. Send no money now. Pay only $6.75 on arrival. Your money back if you don't say it is the greatest bargain of the year.

Order by No. 106 We Prepay Charges

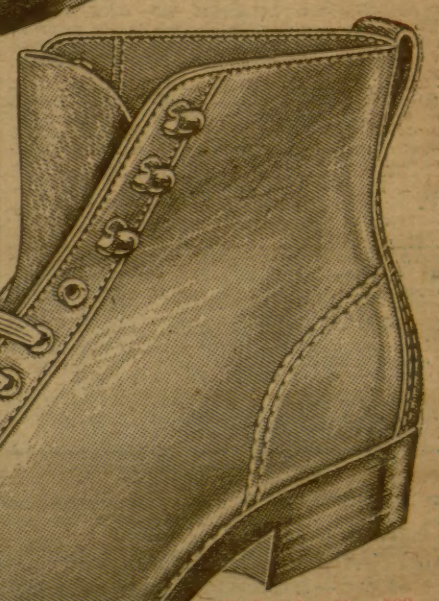
Stylish Service Shoe

Don't miss this chance to get a shoe for constant everyday wear. Will far outlast the ordinary shoe—a great bargain. Smartest style in a service shoe. Your choice of bal lace, bal button or Blucher last. Fine gun metal calf leather. Wonderful wear resisting soles, heels and uppers. Soft, easy, flexible. All sizes. A very fashionable walking shoe. No money now. Pay only $3.25 on arrival. We will return the money if you are not absolutely satisfied.

Order by No. 107 We Prepay Charges

Men's Outing Shoes

Built on Stylish Outing Toe Style. The special retanning process gives a remarkable toughness to the leather and keeps the natural softness. Just what you want if you are on your feet much. Your choice of wide, medium or narrow. Easy on the feet. Heavy solid double soles. Half bellows tongue. Tough, durable, leather top. Color dark tan. Pay only $3.15 on arrival. If, after examination, you are not absolutely satisfied we will return your money.



Order by No. 102 We Prepay Charges

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 1003, Chicago, Ill.

Send the shoes marked with an X in ☐ all charges prepaid. I will pay price stated on arrival and examine them carefully. If I am not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

☐ No. 101 Dress Shoes, $3.95 ☐ No. 104 Army Shoes, $4.30 ☐ No. 107 Women's Service Shoe, $3.25
☐ No. 102 Outing Shoes, $3.15 ☐ No. 105 Special Dress Shoes, $4.65 Size..... Width.....
☐ No. 103 Work Shoes, $3.85 ☐ No. 106 Women's High Shoe, $6.75 Style .....

Name .....

Age..... Married or Single .....

Address .....

Delivery Charges Prepaid

Send the Coupon

This is the time to buy your shoes while our special offer and these bargain prices hold good. No need to hesitate. You send no money now—and what you pay on arrival goes back if you ask it. Just mark an X in the coupon to show which shoes you want. Order 2 different styles if you wish, but only one pair of a kind to each person at these prices. Order now.

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 1003, Chicago, Ill.